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ALONE.

BY E. NESBIT.

The skies are gray, the year is old,
The wind is moaning through the town;
It comes from the far wood and wold,
By pastures desolate and brown.
The last leaves flutter from the bough,
Pale lamps shine dully through the mist,
What of the summer woodlands now
Where we two kissed?

The rain is dripping from the sky,
It splashes in the muddy street;
Beside my burnt-out fire sit I
And hear the sound of hurrying feet.
They come, they go, they never stay;
My house is left me desolate;
No footstep ever, any day,
Stops at my gate!

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TWO well-dressed young men were the only passengers who alighted at Bartlebury Junction from the last London train on Christmas Eve of 188–. They both crossed the platform and entered the same first class compartment of one of the branch-line trains which had been awaiting the arrival of the express. Without looking at one another, they quickly settled down to resume their interrupted slumber, choosing opposite corners. The one at the farther end was a pleasant-looking, fair-haired, blue-eyed young fellow of rather boyish manners and appearance. The other, who selected the seat nearest to the platform, was some few years older, tall, dark, well proportioned, and strikingly handsome in spite of the gloomy and careworn expression of his faultlessly regular features.

"Where for, gentlemen?" inquired the guard, abruptly appearing at the carriage-door with a lantern.

"Stretton," answered both simultaneously.

"Quite right!" said the guard, slamming the door and moving off.

"By Jove, Helsford, is that you?" exclaimed the younger traveler.

"Carlyon!" ejaculated the other, with a start.

"I wondered who on earth besides myself could be going to such an out-of-the-way place as Stretton," said Carlyon, shifting his position so as to face his friend—"on a Christmas Eve too! That was what made me look at you."

"I did not recognize you," returned Helsford rather shortly.

"Who would have thought of meeting you here?" ejaculated Carlyon.

"Or you either, for that matter?" said Helsford, lighting a cigar.

"I've come down to spend Christmas with an old schoolfellow and Oxford chum—a parson named Manning," explained Carlyon.

"Is he the Vicar of Stretton?" inquired Helsford.

"No such luck, poor old chap! Manning has a wife and children, and only about £300 a year. He has a chapel-of-ease, I think it is called, at Bilstone, about a mile or two beyond Stretton. I believe the Vicar of Stretton is patron."

Helsford nodded carelessly and flicked the ash off his cigar with his little finger.

"Manning is a capital fellow, and his wife is charming. I used to be rather 'gone' on her before she married, and perhaps that is the reason I have never been down here before," said Carlyon, flushing. "However, it seemed absurd to go on refusing year after year, so I determined to come this Christmas."

"I dare say the shock of the meeting won't be as bad as you imagine," observed Helsford, smiling quietly.

"I did not know this was your part of the world," resumed Carlyon rather hastily.

"Didn't you? Well, it is not; but I have a relative living near Stretton," answered Helsford.

Carlyon, fancying that his companion's manner was rather reticent, asked no further questions. While busying himself in selecting and lighting a cigar, he reflected that he knew Helsford only from meeting him at the Blenheim Club, of which they were both members. He believed that Helsford, like himself, had been called to the Bar, though he had never practiced. Carlyon imagined that he was a man of means, having heard that he "plunged" rather heavily upon the turf; but he really knew nothing of Helsford's affairs and circumstances, and he did not feel the least curiosity on the subject.

Helsford seemed suddenly to awake to the fact that his answer to Carlyon's question had been rather abrupt, for he looked up and said, with an air of great frankness—

"No, I wasn't reared in these parts. I'm a North-country man. Westmoreland is my native county; but I have an old uncle, an invalid, who has lived for many years at Stretton."

"And you are going to look him up?" inquired Carlyon.

"Yes. I don't know, I'm sure, what kind of reception I shall get," said Helsford. "I haven't seen him for years. I'm told he shuts himself up altogether now."

"Shuts himself up!" repeated Carlyon.

"Yes; he is an eccentric old curmudgeon, as rich as a Jew. Besides, the poor old boy is horribly afflicted."

"In what way?"

"With a disease called lupus."

"Lupus?"

"Yes; it is a horrible skin-disease which attacks the face. He has to wear a silk mask."

"Poor old fellow!" exclaimed Carlyon sympathetically.

"Yes, it's very sad, isn't it?" said Helsford indifferently. "All the same, he has been an unnatural sort of uncle to me so far. I'm going down to see him out of sheer desperation. That is I'm deeply in debt.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Carlyon.

"It's nothing new, unfortunately," returned Helsford, shrugging his shoulders; "but matters have come to a crisis. I've had confoundedly bad luck lately, one way and another. I must find three thousand pounds before the end of the month somehow, or I shall be stone broke."

"Three thousand!" exclaimed Carlyon, raising his eyebrows.

"I owe that much to Templeton and Wreford alone, and I have ordinary debts besides, which can wait," said Helsford, apparently amused, in spite of his ill-humor, at his companion's horror-stricken expression.

"Are you your uncle's heir?" inquired Carlyon.

"No—worse luck; he favors another branch of the family. That's all the greater reason why he should help me now. There is one thing—he won't have another chance; for if he doesn't help me I shall have to leave the country," added Helsford, with a frown, as he let down the window and threw away the stump of his cigar.

"I hope you will get the right side of him," said Carlyon.

"So do I; but I'm afraid he won't listen to me. He takes no notice of letters."

Helsford moved into his corner as he spoke, and, folding his arms across his chest, relapsed into gloomy abstraction. Carlyon felt rather disturbed by these confidences; he had an unsophisticated horror of debt and gambling, and was inclined to be shocked at Helsford's unblushing revelation of his difficulties. His companion's calm fortitude in his desperate circumstances and his good nature however prompted genuine sympathy; but, not knowing exactly what to say or to suggest, Carlyon did not break in upon Helsford's meditations, and no further conversation took place until the train slackened speed upon approaching Stretton Station.

"Shall I see anything of you down here?" Carlyon inquired, while gathering his wraps together.

"No, I think not," answered Helsford, who was similarly occupied. "In any case I don't suppose the old man will want me to stay. I shall certainly return to town to-morrow."

"What—on Christmas Day?"

"I'm not sentimental about Christmas Day," said Helsford, with a laugh.

"Well, perhaps I may walk over and see if you are at your uncle's?" asked Carlyon.

"All right," returned Helsford carelessly. "I'm afraid it will be a waste of time; but if I am still there it will be confoundedly dull, and I shall be glad to see you."

"By-the-way, what is your uncle's name?" inquired Carlyon.

"Same as mine—Helsford. Any one will tell you where he resides."

Helsford alighted on the platform while speaking, followed by Carlyon. The latter was immediately pounced upon and almost overwhelmed with boisterous greetings by his friend Manning, a ruddy-faced jovial-looking young parson.

"My friend, Mr. Helsford," said Carlyon presently, almost breathless from handshakings and vigorous slaps upon the back. "Mr. Manning—Mr. Helsford."

"Helsford! Any relation of our neighbor here?" inquired Manning, while gripping the hand of his new acquaintance.

"Nephew," explained Carlyon, as they moved along the platform; "he is going to stay with his uncle."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Manning, looking slightly surprised; and then he said, "I am sorry, Mr. Helsford, that I can't offer to drive you; but the fact is my pony-chaise is a tight fit even for two."

"Don't think of it. My uncle's house is close by," was the rejoinder; and Helsford crossed the rails to the opposite side of the station.

"Your friend seems a very nice fellow," said the parson to Carlyon, as they drove to the Vicarage. "Fancy his being a nephew of old Helsford's!"

"I hear the poor old gentleman is terribly afflicted, and keeps his face covered," remarked Carlyon.

"Yes; he has done so for many years now, and I am told there is no cure for the disease," replied the parson. "The poor fellow lives entirely alone, and never goes out except in the early morning or after dark. He refuses to see anybody, and, in fact, leads the life of a hermit."

"I suppose his affliction makes him sensitive," remarked Carlyon.

"No doubt; but he was always eccentric and unsociable. He is very penurious in his habits; in fact, people say that he is mad. That is an exaggeration, no doubt, and of course he has every excuse for being—well, to put it mildly, unamiable."

"I am afraid, from what you say, that his nephew's forebodings about the reception he will get will be realized," said Carlyon.

"Oh, I suppose if the old man invited him he will be civilly treated!" said the parson.

"He didn't ask him; Helsford has gone of his own accord."

"Then it is lucky that the 'Crown' is a comfortable inn," remarked the parson sagaciously.

"Poor Helsford!" exclaimed Carlyon, thinking of the hopelessness of his friend's mission. "I am afraid he will spend a dismal Christmas Day."

"Why shouldn't he come over to us?" said the parson hospitably. "It is too late to-night to fetch him, but we can walk over after church to-morrow."

"You are very kind, Manning. Are you sure your wife wouldn't be displeased?"

"Pooh, my dear fellow! The more the merrier! There is a turkey big enough for a dozen. As to Harriet—well, here she is at the door to greet you, and, if you think it worth while, you can put the question to her."

* * * * * *

Christmas morning found Carlyon decorously seated in the Vicarage pew, in the cheerless barnlike structure dignified by the title of Bilstone Church. Beside him was his friend's wife, a plump rosy-cheeked matronly little lady, whose devotions were sadly disturbed by the unruly behavior of her first-born.

Carlyon had already come to the conclusion that Mrs. Manning had deteriorated in appearance very much since the time when he used to admire her. He was now chiefly impressed with her excellent qualities as hostess and housekeeper, and had decided without a pang of envy that she was a very good helpmate for Manning.

As for his old friend and schoolfellow, Carlyon almost failed to recognize him in the sedate young Vicar, with his starched surplice and bands. The Reverend Peter Manning had a dignified and measured enunciation, and looked almost episcopal in his grave solemnity. He belonged to the easy-going order of divines, was fond of a joke, and enjoyed his pipe and a good dinner. His zeal was not of a burning nature, and the proximity of a dissenting place of worship did not disturb his peace of mind; but he discharged efficiently and conscientiously the monotonous duties of a country parson; his sermons were an excellent soporific, and his schools maintained their numbers.

After the service, Carlyon reminded his friend of his promise to walk over to Stretton to look up Helsford, and, having made a hasty luncheon, they started off on that errand.

"I think the 'Crown' inn the most likely place to find him at," said the parson.

"If Helsford had to go there last night, I am afraid he will have returned to town by the first train this morning," said Carlyon.

"That would be at eight o'clock," said the parson, producing a small black pipe and lighting it, after prudently glancing up and down the road.

"Helsford would never get up early enough to catch an eight o'clock train," remarked Carlyon. "When is the next?"

"There is not another till two o'clock. The trains run to-day the same as on Sundays."

"Then we are pretty sure to come across him somewhere in the town, for it is only half-past twelve," said Carlyon, glancing at his watch.

They walked briskly along the hard country road into Stretton, and called at the "Crown" inn, but learned that Helsford had not been there.

"That looks promising," said the parson, as they went forward. "Evidently the old man did not send his nephew away."

"I hope, for Helsford's sake, that it is a good omen," observed Carlyon. "Where does the uncle live?"

"Only a quarter of a mile away, towards the station," answered the parson.

After proceeding this short distance, they came upon a small house by the roadside, almost hidden from view by a high irregular paling and a row of tall poplars.

"This is it," said the parson; "it is called Clive Lodge. The old man put up those palings himself. When the trees are in leaf even the roof of the house is obscured from the road."

They stopped at the weather-worn gate, and Carlyon rang a peal at the rusty bell. The parson hid his pipe, and looked rather ill at ease.

"He is in no hurry to answer," he remarked, after a pretty long pause.

"Shall I ring again?" said Carlyon, laying his hand upon the bell.

"No, you needn't. What do you want?" inquired a gruff voice.

Carlyon and his friend started, and then perceived that a small sliding panel in the gate had been pushed back, disclosing through a grating what looked like a black patch. At a second glance Carlyon encountered a pair of eyes scrutinizing him, and realized that the object at the grating was a face concealed by a mask.

"Are you Mr. Helsford?" he inquired.

"Yes. Who are you? What is it?" demanded the other impatiently.

"I called to see your nephew. I believe he is staying——"

"No, he isn't," interrupted the voice, and the panel was slid back again sharply.

Carlyon and the parson stared at each other. On the other side of the gate they could hear retreating footsteps, and presently the door of the house was slammed.

"Amiable!" ejaculated Carlyon, raising his eyebrows.

"It is his usual style," said the parson, laughing.

"A civil answer to a civil question is the right of every free-born Briton!" exclaimed Carlyon hotly, as he rang the bell again.

"What is the good of that?" remonstrated the parson. "He won't answer. Besides you ascertained what you wished to know."

"I haven't," retorted Carlyon wrathfully. "I want to find out when Helsford left, and whether he has gone back to town."

"We can ascertain that at the station," said the parson. "It is of no use wasting our time here."

However, the next moment hurried footsteps on the path inside were heard, and this time the gate was opened sufficiently to reveal a tall gaunt gray-bearded man, whose features were concealed by a black bandage or mask with eye-holes. He wore a dirty yellow-linen jacket which hung in loose folds from his broad shoulders, he had a tattered straw hat upon his head and slippers on his feet, and altogether he looked so like a scarecrow that Carlyon felt a little discomfited at being suddenly confronted by him.

"What is it now? Can't you take an answer?" he exclaimed sharply, addressing Carlyon.

"How are you, Mr. Helsford?" interrupted the parson, in his most genial tone.

But the old man only vouchsafed a surly nod in response to this salutation, without taking his eyes off Carlyon.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Carlyon as civilly as possible. "I traveled down from town last night with your nephew, who is a friend of mine, and I arranged to call for him to day."

"I tell you he is gone!" returned the old man snappishly, as he prepared to move away.

"Do you mind telling me when he left?" interposed Carlyon quickly.

"This morning. Did you say you were a friend of his?" inquired old Helsford more sharply still.

"Yes."

"Then I suppose you know the object of his visit?" said Mr. Helsford.

"Well, he certainly said something about it," replied Carlyon reluctantly.

"He told you, no doubt, that he hoped to get money out of me to pay his gambling debts," said the old man in a sneering tone.

"It was a last resource. I am afraid he is very hard pressed," said Carlyon.

"So much the better. If by refusing to assist him I have helped to send a scamp out of the country, I am glad of it. It is well that you and the rest of his gambling acquaintances should know that any expectations he may have of receiving anything from me are absolutely groundless."

Old Mr. Helsford did not give Carlyon an opportunity of replying to this amiable speech, but slammed the gate in his face as he finished speaking, and disappeared.

"There! I told you so!" remarked the parson.

"I'm not surprised that my friend did not seem very sanguine!" said Carlyon indignantly, as he turned away.

"He must have been desperate to apply for assistance in such a quarter," remarked the parson.

"He was, poor fellow. I wonder whether he was sincere in his statement that he should have to leave the country?" observed Carlyon thoughtfully.

"I suppose he must have caught the eight o'clock train," said the parson. "We will inquire at the station, if you like. We may as well walk one way as another."

Upon reaching the station, they found that Helsford had left by the early morning train. The station-master remembered giving him his ticket for London, and said that he had carried Helsford's portmanteau to the carriage.

"That settles it," remarked the parson, as they walked homeward. "I am afraid your friend is doomed to spend a melancholy Christmas Day, as you predicted."

CHAPTER II.

CARLYON stayed for three days with the Mannings, and then returned to town.

On the day of his departure he was waiting for his train at Stretton Station, and chatting with the parson, who had driven him over, when the train from London drew up at the opposite platform, and among the passengers who alighted from it was a woman who attracted Carlyon's attention by her attire. She was dressed in a sober-colored costume, with a long cloak and a brown straw bonnet and a veil, denoting that she was a member of some nursing sisterhood. She was young and rather good-looking, with resolute features, very dark eyes, and thick straight brows. Her appearance was so striking that Carlyon watched her with vague interest as she crossed the rails. She happened to encounter his gaze as she approached the spot where he was standing, and this caused her to address him.

"I want to go to Clive Lodge," she said in a peremptory tone.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Carlyon, taken aback by her abruptness.

"Clive Lodge," she repeated, turning impatiently from Carlyon to his companion. "Is it far?"

"Do you mean Mr. Helsford's house?" said the parson.

"Yes—an invalid gentleman," promptly answered the woman. "Is it far from here?"

"No; it is quite close. You must turn to the left outside the station, and keep straight along. Any one will point out the house. I hope Mr. Helsford is not ill?" added the parson curiously.

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the curt reply, as the woman moved off.

"I should imagine old Helsford and that young person would get on well together," remarked the parson, looking after her.

"There will be no superfluous politeness," returned Carlyon, with a laugh.

"I suppose the old man has sent for a nurse," said the parson. "Poor old fellow! Perhaps he finds his malady is getting beyond his control."

"He is wise to get proper attention," observed Carlyon, moving forward at the approach of the train.

The encounter with the woman at Stretton Station and her inquiries recalled to Carlyon's mind the troubles of his friend Helsford, and after taking leave of the parson and starting on his way to the metropolis he began wondering whether his friend had carried out his desperate intention of fleeing the country. He dined at the Blenheim Club that evening, and had the curiosity to ask the hall-porter whether Helsford had returned. The man replied in the negative, adding that he had been expecting him daily, because he had said he was going to be absent only a couple of days.

This confirmed Carlyon's suspicion that Helsford had left England; but he thought it strange that no sinister rumor was afloat in the Club as to his disappearance. Templeton and Wreford, to whom Helsford owed money lost at play, were both members of the Blenheim, and neither was the kind of man to submit quietly to such treatment. When there had been scandals of the same kind before, the defaulter's name had been in every one's mouth almost as soon as the event had happened. Carlyon however good-naturedly refrained from commenting upon Helsford's absence to any one until about a fortnight later, when he chanced to get into conversation with Captain Templeton. Upon the Captain's incidentally mentioning Helsford's name, Carlyon could not resist asking for news of him.

"I don't know, I'm sure, what has become of him," replied Templeton, looking strangely at Carlyon; "he has not been seen for three weeks."

"I traveled down to Norfolk with him on Christmas Eve," said Carlyon, with assumed carelessness.

"To Norfolk! Did he mention where he was going?" asked Captain Templeton significantly.

"He was going to look up an old uncle," replied Carlyon, struck by Templeton's manner.

"Well, look here," said Templeton, lowering his voice, and drawing a letter from his pocket. "I have received this."

Carlyon took the letter, and, to his astonishment, read as follows—

"Clive Lodge, Stretton, Dec. 28, 188-.

"Sir—My nephew, Stephen Helsford, applied to me the other day for the means of paying the gambling debt he owes you, and I refused. I still consider the transaction disgraceful and highly discreditable to all parties concerned; but, remembering that such liabilities are miscalled debts of honor, and that to make default is to incur social disgrace, I am reminded of the circumstance that, unhappily, my nephew bears an honored name, which is also my own. To save it from disgrace I have instructed my brokers, Messrs. Kemp and Stanley, to send you a cheque for £1250. Be good enough to enclose to me any memorandum of my nephew's you may hold for the debt, and please distinctly understand that I will never advance or pay another farthing for him. Yours, etc.

"HENRY HELTFORD."

"Queer start—eh?" ejaculated Captain Templeton, as Carlyon silently handed back the letter to him.

"Have you had the money?" Carlyon asked.

"Yes; and I sent the old boy Helsford's I. O. U.," answered Templeton. "Wreford received a similar letter. I wish I had a hundred such uncles!"

"I suppose Helsford knows," said Carlyon involuntarily.

"Well, that is just the question," returned Templeton. "Of course I've never said a word to anybody; but, I say, rather odd, isn't it, that Helsford doesn't turn up?"

Carlyon perceived the drift of the Captain's ingenuous remark, and was vexed with himself for having imprudently hinted at his own suspicion. He resolved to take steps to acquaint Helsford, if it were not too late, with his uncle's liberality; and meanwhile, to put Templeton off the scent, he said, with an air of conviction—

"Of course Helsford knows, otherwise he would have written to you about his acceptance."

"Well, I suppose he would," said Templeton doubtfully.

"Why, naturally! If he hadn't known his uncle was going to pay he would have written to make excuses, or to ask for time."

Captain Templeton looked rather ashamed of himself, and was evidently abashed by Carlyon's attitude. He tore up the letter and threw it into the fire.

"Well, as I have said before, Carlyon, I have not mentioned the matter to any one but you, nor shall I do so."

With this he sauntered out of the room, and Carlyon began to consider how he could serve Helsford. He had no desire to mix himself up in his affairs, and, but for their accidental conversation in the train on Christmas Eve, he would never have dreamed of troubling about him; but, knowing what he did, he felt that he ought not to allow Helsford to exile himself under a misapprehension. Probably, if Helsford heard that his gaming debts were paid, he would immediately return to town, and at all events it was desirable that he should have the opportunity of exercising his direction.

Impelled by good-nature, Carlyon ascertained the address of Helsford's chambers, and drove there to endeavor to obtain some clue to his whereabouts; but Helsford's landlady was quite at a loss to account for her tenant's absence, and Carlyon was careful not to suggest to her what he could no longer doubt was the truth. After consideration, he decided that the only course open to him was to insert a judiciously-worded advertisment in the "agony" column of the Times. If, as Carlyon supposed, Helsford was on the Continent, he would no doubt see the English newspapers, and he therefore drew up and despatched the following advertisement, which could hardly fail to be intelligible to the person interested—

"Bartlebury Junction.—The gentleman, now supposed to be abroad, who met a friend here on Christmas Eve, is advised that he may safely return, as all is arranged.—C."

This advertisement appeared three or four times, at intervals, in the course of the next fortnight, without eliciting any news of Stephen Helsford. Carlyon was not seriously troubled at this; he could do nothing more, and, having his own affairs to attend to, he did not suffer Helsford's disappearance to occupy his thoughts further. Carlyon was just getting into fair practice at the Bar, and his friends considered that he had commenced a promising career. His time was pretty fully occupied, for, being a good-looking pleasant-mannered young fellow, with private means and considerable expectations, he was rather sought after by worthy matrons who had marriageable daughters, and he went a good deal into society.

In writing to the Mannings after his return to town he mentioned old Mr. Helsford's eccentric generosity. Six weeks later—for the Reverend Peter Manning was a dilatory correspondent—he received a reply, in the course of which the parson, commenting upon his news, communicated what he described as an even more extraordinary piece of intelligence. Mr. Helsford had left Stretton, in charge of the nurse, for a change of air and scene, and was supposed to have gone to the South of France. This event had caused a stir among the gossips of Stretton, as Mr. Helsford had lived so many years in complete seclusion, but to Carlyon it seemed only a very natural proceeding, and he failed to share the parson's amazement.

By that time it seemed evident that Helsford must either have seen his advertisement and decided not to return, or must be staying where English newspapers did not reach him. Carlyon therefore resolved to warn Helsford's landlady that she had better seek for another tenant, as he had at their previous interview done his best to reassure the good lady's mind regarding Helsford's absence. He accordingly called at Helsford's chambers one morning on his way to Lincoln's Inn, and made some inquiries as to Helsford's liabilities with regard to his habitation. He found that the furniture which belonged to Helsford was worth considerably more than would be due to the landlady for six months to come; and as the woman seemed fully alive to this fact, and was consequently under no anxiety about her rent, Carlyon decided not to interfere, lest, after all, Helsford might yet return.

At the landlady's suggestion, Carlyon gathered together the letters which had arrived during Helsford's absence, and locked them up in a drawer. It was not a promising bundle, being mostly suggestive of duns; but there were two letters, both marked "Immediate," which Carlyon felt half inclined to open. The address was written in a tremulous feminine hand on deep black-edged envelopes, which bore a postmark indicating that they had come from some remote town in the North of England. The mark of mourning and the girlish handwriting suggested the idea that perhaps aching hearts were being kept in suspense by Helsford's silence. It might be of importance to the writer to know that Helsford was away from home; but it was, of course, impossible to convey this information without breaking the seal to get at the address inside. This Carlyon was naturally disinclined to do, and while he was still hesitating, with the letters in his hand, the landlady entered the room and inquired if he would see a young lady.

"What young lady?" asked Carlyon.

"She's in trouble, poor young thing," said the landlady, whose eyelids were red from sympathetic tears; "she has come all the way from the North to see Mr. Helsford. She has just lost her mother."

"Certainly I will see her," said Carlyon, instinctively associating the visitor with the black edged envelopes that he held in his hand.

The landlady disappeared, and presently ushered in a slight shrinking girl attired in deep mourning. She was young and pretty, refined and lady-like, with large violet-gray eyes fringed with dark lashes, which at that moment were bedewed with tears. She looked pale and careworn, and evidently was extremely distressed.

"Pray be seated," said Carlyon, handing her a chair. "I suppose the landlady has told you that Mr. Helsford is away?"

"Yes. What am I to do?" exclaimed the girl, with a pathetic gesture.

Carlyon felt strangely bashful and confused. It was a trying ordeal for a susceptible bachelor to be suddenly called upon to advise and console a distressed young lady. Moreover, the frank and trustful glance of her violet eyes disconcerted him.

"This gentleman is a friend of Mr. Helsford's," said the landlady, adroitly coming to the rescue.

"Mr. Helsford is my cousin. I thought that he would meet me at the station," said the young lady.

"Ah, then these letters are probably yours!" said Carlyon, holding up the black edged envelopes.

"Yes; I wrote the first directly poor mamma died," replied the girl, bursting into tears.

"You will understand now why they remained unanswered," said Carlyon, laying them aside, and saying in his nervousness what came uppermost.

"Yes; but what am I to do? Poor mamma is dead. My uncle took no notice of my letters, and, though Stephen did not answer either, I thought I should be sure to find him in London, and that he would conduct me to my uncle. I don't understand my uncle's silence!" exclaimed the girl almost hysterically.

"Does your uncle live at Stretton, in Norfolk?" inquired Carlyon, recovering his senses.

"Yes. Do you know him?" cried the girl eagerly.

"I can probably explain why he did not answer your letter," said Carlyon. "He has gone on the Continent."

"Gone on the Continent!" repeated the girl.

"Yes, in charge of a professional nurse," added Carlyon.

"And my cousin Stephen?"

"He is away also, and I cannot say for certain when he will return."

"Can you give me my uncle's address?"

"I dare say I might get it by writing to some friends at Stretton."

"Stephen's then?"

"I'm afraid not."

The young lady reflected a moment. Her tears had disappeared and she seemed to be rising to the situation.

"How soon would ou get me my uncle's address?" she asked presently.

"I could write to night or telegraph at once. I could get it in the course of a post or two."

"And then there would be the further delay of waiting for an answer from abroad," said the girl, dropping her folded hands into her lap.

"Altogether the inside of a week at most," said Carlyon encouragingly.

"Yes; but meanwhile what am I to do? I have no money, no friends. Look here!" she added, with a little nervous laugh, as she opened a purse and showed the scanty contents. "This is every farthing I have in the world!"

"What does that matter? In your cousin's absence, I would—I mean you would perhaps permit me——"

Carlyon checked himself abruptly, confused by the vivid blush which appeared upon the girl's cheek. He anathematized himself as a clumsy idiot, though he had endeavored to convey his offer of pecuniary aid with all the delicacy he could command.

"The young lady might perhaps stay here," said the landlady, but rather doubtfully, being evidently not favorably impressed by the contents of her purse.

"How far off is Stretton?" inquired the girl, after further reflection.

"About three hours' journey," answered Carlyon, ridiculously relieved to find that her manner showed no resentment.

"Then I will go down there," said the girl, rising from her seat with nervous energy. "It will save time. If I cannot stay at my uncle's house, at all events I can find a cheap lodging in the village."

"There is a train at one o'clock. It is now just twelve," said Carlyon, glancing at his watch.

"Would you mind directing me to the station?" said the girl, addressing Carlyon, with a smile which revealed two charming dimples in her cheeks.

"I will come with you," he returned, eagerly seizing his hat.

"Oh, no!"

"Indeed, if you will allow me,"

The girl looked up at him. It was a searching though modest glance, which Carlyon encountered frankly, his eyes for a single instant meeting hers.

"Thank you very much," she said simply.

"Will you call a cab, please?" said Carlyon to the landlady, with a distinct feeling of elation.

CHAPTER III.

CARLYON and his fair companion did not improve their acquaintances much during the drive to Liverpool Street Station. The young lady's attention seemed divided between our own thoughts and the distractions of the streets. Carlyon, on his part, was apparently content to remain silent so long as he could indulge in furtive glances at the pretty face beside him. Moreover, he was concocting in his mind the details of a plot. As they approached their destination, he conceived the idea of accompanying the young lady down to Stretton. This was not an entirely selfish idea, though the prospect afforded him extreme satisfaction. He thought the girl looked too young and inexperienced to travel about alone, especially as her plans were extremely vague. It also occurred to him his friends the Mannings might be of assistance to her, and he did not doubt that he could readily enlist their sympathy on her behalf.

He felt however a delicacy about acquainting the young lady with his intention, for he instinctively guessed that she would be startled, and perhaps offended, and this made him put off the task, and rendered him nervous and awkward. As they strolled about the platform at the station, it was the girl who talked; Carlyon had nothing to say for himself. It seemed almost a relief to get away from her for a moment while he took the tickets.

"Single, third-class, please," she had said, placing her purse, with a pretty little peremptory gesture, in his hand.

"Two, third single," was the request Carlyon made at the booking office, at the same time looking round guiltily.

He hid his own ticket when he gave her hers. The girl, suspecting nothing, thanked him gratefully for his attentions and begged him not to wait until the train started; but Carlyon persisted, and, to the girl's astonishment, at the last moment he took his seat with a resolute air opposite to her in the narrow third-class compartment.

"You are not coming?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"I was going to Stretton—I was indeed. I was only waiting for an opportunity to see my friends the Vicar of Bilstone and his wife who live down there," said Carlyon reddening. "I thought I might as well go to-day."

There were other people in the carriage, whose presence no doubt prevented Carlyon from pleading his excuses as eloquently as he might otherwise have done; but the same circumstances probably checked the angry rejoinder which sprang to the young girl's lips, so that upon the whole Carlyon had nothing to complain of. As it was, his companion contented herself with resolutely looking out of the window for several miles of the journey, ignoring him completely.

However, this state of things could not continue for three long hours, especially as one of the two looked so dejected and shamefaced. After a while the young lady relented sufficiently to ask, in the coldest tone, a few questions about the country through which they are traveling. Carlyon's manner was so humble that by degrees the girl regained confidence in him, and soon became perfectly frank and natural again. She spoke unreservedly of herself and her past history, and, though the recital contained no sensational incidents, it was, for Carlyon, replete with absorbing interest.

It appeared that her mother, who was old Mr. Helsford's sister, had been for many years a widow, subsisting upon a miserable pension. The girl's father had been an Indian officer, and, when as a child she was first sent home from India, her uncle took her to live with him at Stretton. But, as the old man's malady grew worse, he was glad, upon his sister's returning from India a widow, to be relieved of his little niece. Since then the mother and daughter had lived together in the North, and old Mr. Helsford, from morbid sensitiveness, would never consent to see either of them, though he had always appeared well disposed towards his sister. Consequently, upon the sudden death of her mother, being left a penniless orphan and having no one else to look to, the girl had communicated with her uncle.

"I never doubted that my uncle was at home," she said in conclusion. "Not hearing from him, I thought he must be ill and unable to write. That is why I wrote to my cousin in London."

"I suppose there is no doubt that your uncle will provide for you?" remarked Carlyon.

"He promised my mother that he would do so. It had long been arranged that if anything happened to her suddenly—as she always feared, poor darling—I was to go straight to him."

"Do you know your cousin Stephen very well?" inquired Carlyon a little anxiously.

"Stephen? No; I haven't seen him for many years," answered the girl, with a faint blush which irritated Carlyon. "The fact is my uncle forbade my mother to allow him to see me."

The girl was evidently embarrassed, and Carlyon felt vaguely uneasy. He therefore changed the subject of conversation.

"Up to the present," he said, smiling, "I have no idea what your name is."

"Really!" she exclaimed. "Well, nor do I know yours. My name is Ethel Vivian."

"Here is mine," said Carlyon, handing her one of his visiting cards.

"Mr. Eustace Carlyon," she said, glancing at it and returning it. "It is quite a pretty name."

"There is no sign of a fly here," said Carlyon, after looking round from the window of the compartment as the train drew into Stretton Station. "I think the best plan will be to leave your luggage here for the present, while we walk up to your uncle's house. You can send for it when you are settled."

"But I cannot think of occupying any more of your time," protested Miss Vivian; "your friends must be expecting you."

"There is no hurry," said Carlyon shortly.

He accompanied his companion to Clive Lodge, and, after repeated pulls at the bell, succeeded in arousing the care-taker, a decrepit villager, who opened the gate an inch or two and stared at them suspiciously.

"Mr. Helsford's away, my man—eh?" said Carlyon.

"Maester Helsford be away; yes, he be," returned the old fellow, shading his eyes with a tremulous horny hand, and glancing from one to the other.

"Do you know his address?"

"His what?"

"His address. Do you know where he has gone?"

"Noa, I doan't rightly know," answered the man, rubbing his head.

"Didn't he leave word where letters were to be forwarded?" suggested Carlyon.

"I doan't know nothen' about letters," drawled the man.

"The fellow is helplessly idiotic," said Carlyon aside to Miss Vivian.

"Let us go into the house," suggested Ethel.

"Come, stand aside, my man," said Carlyon, advancing; "we want to come in. This lady is Mr. Helsford's niece."

"I beant agoin' to stan' aside for nobody!" returned the old man stubbornly. "Maester Helsford's orders was that nobody was to be admitted."

"But this lady is Mr. Helsford's niece. Mr. Helsford would desire her to be admitted," said Carlyon angrily.

"Niece or not, it's no consarn of mine. I've got my orders," reiterated the old fellow, preparing to shut the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FISHING IN A CORNFIELD.—In Colorado is a ten acre field, which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If anyone will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade-handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Anyone having sufficient strength to drive a rail through the crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether.

PRINCE BISMARCK, it is said, has a curious superstition in connection with the number three, and apparently not without reason. He has served three German Emperors, he has fought in three wars, he has signed three treaties of peace, he arranged the meeting of the three Emperors, and established the Triple Alliance.

Bric-a-Brac.

INFLAMMATION.—Equal parts of lime water and sweet oil well mixed will form a kind of soap which is very efficacious in taking out or removing inflammation, as well as for healing wounds caused by burns or scalds.

CABBAGES.—It is recorded that cabbages were first introduced into the North of Scotland by the soldiers of Cromwell. The country, torn by the passions of rival factions and embroiled in internal hostilities, was not in a favorable state to extend the cultivation of the plant; but Cromwell, who was a great promoter of agriculture and all branches of gardening, encouraged his soldiers to introduce and promote all the best improvements wherever they went.

WOMEN.—The position taken by women in Norway is very different from that which they occupy in America. It is quite customary for a girl to act as clerk in her father's office, or to help him in any occupation in which her talents are available. This is a beginning in the right direction. Home, before anything else, claims woman's attention and endeavor, and a girl in being her father's clerk is doing far greater good than in aspiring to fields of labor, the benefit of which she can only reap herself.

IN CHINA.—The Chinese have a remarkable superstition about the Chu River, which is the local name on the border for the Chiating. A considerable trade in drugs is borne along this river, for which a special class of boats, composed of very light boards fastened with wooden nails, is built. The natives say that the magnetic attraction of the bed of the river is so strong that were ordinary boats used the iron nails would be pulled out. Along the banks iron is mined in primitive fashion, and from geological evidence it is believed that the ore is very rich.

"EARLY" DAYS.—The stately dames of Edward IV.'s Court rose with the lark, dined at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and retired to rest before eight in the evening. Henry VIII. went back to ten in the morning for dinner, and had supper at four. In the days of good Queen Bess her maids of honor began the day with a round of beef or red herrings and a flagon of ale for breakfast at about half-past six, and partook of dinner at eleven, and then went to the playhouse in the afternoon, not later than half-past one or two, sometimes as early as half-past twelve according to the order of the play and the day.

EGGS.—Among reptiles the eggs exhibit great variety. The eggs of the alligator are elongated and almost cylindrical, evenly rounded at both ends, and about the size of an ordinary duck's egg. The eggs of the sea turtle are as large as a small apple, rounded, and have a flexible shell. Those of the snapping turtle are much smaller, but also rounded. Those of the terrapins and other genera are oblong, as also are those of lizards. In common black and yellow-dotted American fresh-water terrapins, and in the painted terrapin, the eggs require four years of growth before they are laid. Take a seven-year-old turtle of this kind. It will contain only very small eggs, all of uniform size. An eight year-old tortoise of the same kind will have two sets of eggs, one larger and one smaller. One of nine years will have three sets of eggs, the oldest set being the size of a small pea. A tortoise of ten years will have four sets of eggs, and in that year she will lay for the first time, and give birth to the most mature sets.

HISTORY OF THE BAROMETER.—Professor G. Hellmann gives a very interesting account of the invention of the barometer, which has now been in use 250 years. Torricelli, who died at the early age of 39 years, was too busily engaged in mathematical studies to publish an account of his discovery, but on June 11, 1644, he wrote a description of it to his friend Ricci. This letter, and Ricci's objections to the experiment, were published in 1663 by C. Dati, a friend of Torricelli's, and, as this work is now exceedingly scarce, Professor Hellmann has reprinted the correspondence, in the original Italian, in the below-mentioned journal. Some of the paragraphs, "Nature," says are noteworthy, especially those in which Torricelli states that it was not merely a question of producing a vacuum, but of making an instrument which would indicate the changes of the atmosphere. The first continuous barometrical observations appear to have been made in France. In England they were first taken by Robert Boyle, about the year 1659, to whom we owe the invention of the word "barometer."

ONE SUMMER TIME.

BY E. A. B.

My thoughts go back, and the years like shadows
Slip from between us and melt away;
And I am out in the sunny meadows
Raking and turning the new mown hay;
The robin swings on the bough above me,
The brook strays on with a lazy tune;
And I think, if only my love would love me,
Life were sweet as a day in June.

The years roll back, and the moon's soft glory
Silvers the gloom where I sit apart,
And love is a sweet, unfinished story
Whose moral is written upon my heart;
And I cherish thro' all life's cark and scheming
This golden maxim, without alloy:
Trust no woman, whate'er her seeming,
Who dangle two strings at her bow, my boy!

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

HE wanted to do something to brighten the dull grey life whose dulness and greyness he could scarcely imagine. As he looked at the beautiful face, framed in its auburn hair, which glowed like copper, flecked with gold in the sunlight, he longed to take her up bodily, and carry her into the open air, into the meadows higher up the river; to place her beside him in his dog cart, and drive her out into the country away from this ghastly row of squalid cottages; away into the sunlight to which she ought to belong.

He had no thought of evil in this desire of his. He wanted to help her, to be kind to her. But he wanted to have her beside himself out there in the sunshine and the meadows; wanted to be able to look longer on the beautiful face; to listen to the music of the low-pitched voice, the clear, trilling little laugh.

"Come," he said, involuntarily, thinking of the dog-cart, and not of the books, and he almost started when she said—

"Thank you. It is very kind of you. I shall be glad to have them."

"Oh—oh, yes," he said, rather confusedly, "I will send them to you. I don't know what you like best——"

"I like anything. I have read so little," she said. "Please do not trouble to select them."

There was a moment or two of silence. He felt that he ought to go, that there was no excuse for his remaining, and yet he hated to have to go. He would have been content to remain for hours—for how much longer indeed!—watching the white, delicately-shaped fingers as they moved swiftly at their work. A kind of repose, of exquisite peace—that was not altogether peace, but a subtle unrestful longing—took possession of him. The silence grew to be a burden presently, and he said—

"What beautiful flowers you have! The scent fills the room."

"It is the stocks," she said, looking up. "They are quite common stocks, but they smell sweet."

He leant out of the window.

"May I pick one?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" she said, glad that there was something she could do to express her gratitude to him for his kindness in the matter of the books. "Oh, that one is almost over and dead. There is a better blossom—there, by your hand. Not that! See!"

She got up in her eagerness, and stretching out her arm, picked the piece for him.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" he said with a kind of subdued fervency, and he put it into his button-hole with all a man's clumsiness.

"It wants a pin," she said; and she took one from the table and held it out to him. But she did not offer to pin the flower in its place, and somehow he was glad that she did not do so. Her modesty and maidenly reserve were as sweet to him as the perfume of the flowers.

"And now I suppose I must go?" he said with a smile, but with a badly-concealed reluctance.

She stood with her hands folded before her, her eyes downcast; and once more Bernard Yorke was reminded of the picture he had seen in some gallery.

"I'm very glad you weren't hurt, very," and he faltered as he looked at her—he whose self-possession and "cheek" were by-words in the smart set to which he belonged; "and—and it was very kind of you to let me come and inquire. Good bye"—he changed it to "good morning"—Miss Grey. "I hope I shall send you the right books."

She put her small white hand in his, and, thought he would have given words to do so, he dared not press it.

"Good morning, and please take care how you cross the roads. I shall always be fancying that you are getting run over."

She raised her eyes with a faint smile and a slight blush. "Oh, yes; I shall be very careful for the future; I don't know how I came to be so careless. I was tired and—good bye, and—thank you."

The last words were spoken scarcely above her breath, and thrilled him.

He dropped her hand and went towards the door, but there he paused again. He was actually going to ask her to let him bring the books instead of sending them; but he dared not, and with a respectful nod he passed out.

Nance looked round the room with a strange sensation as the door closed after him. Had the blind fallen on the window—had the sun disappeared behind a cloud? No; the blind was still up, the sun still shining, and yet it seemed to her as if the light had faded, and the room grown suddenly dark.

She went to the window and watched the stalwart figure striding along—watched it with a fast beating heart. Then she looked at the chair in which he had been sitting, the table on which he had rested his elbows. Had he really sat there, or had she dreamt it? She was, indeed, lost in a dream, as it were, and the minutes passed by as she still stood looking at where he had sat, recalling every word he had spoken.

At last she awoke from her reverie and uttered a faint cry, almost of terror. What had come to her? What was the matter with her that the visit of this man, this gentleman—that his words, his voice, should have such an effect on her?

She was frightened, filled with a vague dread that was half painful, half pleasurable, and she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands as if to hide even from herself the blush that burnt in her cheek, the new and strange light that glowed in the violet voice.

Though she did not know it, Love was hovering over, was about to enter her hitherto eventless life, and change its dull greyness into the roseate hues of a girl's first and deepest passion.

CHAPTER VI.

BERNARD YORKE walked home to his rooms in St. James's lost in thought that was not quite of a comfortable kind. His heart was beating, too, but not jealously. There was self-reproach in every throb. What right had he to go and see Nancy Grey, what right to offer to lend her books, to cultivate her acquaintance? He was not an unsophisticated schoolboy, but a man who, though young, knew too much of the world to persuade himself that there could be any real friendship between himself and this beautiful girl, who got her living by making lace, and owned a father of the most objectionable type.

What good could come to him—or her—by a continuance of the acquaintance? None, none, none!

The answer rang sternly in his ears, and warningly, and his face grew graver as he strode along and up the stairs to his rooms on the first floor of the expensive chambers.

As he ascended, the aroma of a choice Havana came down to meet him. He opened the door, wondering whom his visitor could be, and then stopped short with an exclamation of pleasure; for his father, Sir Terence Yorke, rose from an easy chair.

"Hallo, father! Why——!" and he grasped Sir Terence's hand, the warmth of affectionate welcome in his handsome face.

Sir Terence wrung his son's hand, patting it and looking up to him with a smile of fatherly love and pride.

He was shorter than Bernard, and darker, and though the abundant hair was tinged with grey, he looked absurdly young. "Evergreen Yorke," as his friends delighted to call him—was indeed, one of those men who never grow old. And yet, as he himself confessed, he had "lived all the time." His youth had been of the fastest; he had gone the pace from the day he came up to London to join his regiment—he had been in the Service—and had kept it up until his marriage. And yet, marvellous to say, he had grown neither blase nor dyspeptic. Life was still full of fun and brightness for him, and the cheerful, easy-going temperament still made the pursuit of pleasure a delight to him.

Everybody liked him; no one was more welcome at club, in the country house, or at the covert side than "Evergreen Yorke." He was always smiling, with a smile that glided quite readily into a laugh, always beautifully dressed, and always good-tempered, and—alas! prepared to make the most of the present, and to let the morrow take care of itself.

Women adored him. That he had remained a widower so many years was always a source of marvel; indeed, it was whispered that a well-known heiress who owned half a county in her own right had thrown herself at his feet.

But somehow, Sir Terence had remained faithful to the memory of his wife—Bernard's mother, and was still a widower unattached; giving up to womankind in general the devotion which some of them felt with a sigh should have been expended on one.

"Well, Bernie, my boy," he said and his rich voice—save for the touch of musical brogue in it—was an echo of Bernard's. "Surprised you, eh?"

"You always do, sir," said Bernard, pushing him into the chair and smiling down at him with as much pride and affection as his father displayed for him. "I never know when to expect you. When did you come up?"

"Yesterday afternoon," replied Sir Terence. "Ran up quite unexpectedly. Wanted to get my hair cut."

This, the stereotyped excuse, made them both laugh.

"I should have looked you up and asked you to give me some dinner; but I met Grandison and one or two other old friends at the club. And, by George! they made a prisoner of me. They did indeed, I give you my word, Bernie. I tried to run away from them and join you at Lady Wiltshire's. I'm sure she would have let me in."

Bernard smiled.

"I think she would, sir," he said.

The countess was an old flame of Sir Terence's, and was, as she herself said, "foolishly" fond of him still.

"Yes; what a dear creature she is! Ah! Bernie, thank God for the women! Bless them! Well, where was I? Oh, I did try to run away, but Grandison insisted upon making up a rubber and"—he shook his head with a whimsical apology and penitence—"by George, I didn't get back to the hotel till—well, it was late, Bernie, it was late."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, sir," said Bernard, seating himself on the arm of the big chair, with his own arm across the top against which his father's head rested. He was not ashamed of showing his affection for his father. "Robson"—Robson was Bernard's valet—"got you a cigar and something to drink?"

"Faith, I got'em myself," said Sir Terence with his genial laugh, "and a very good cigar it is."

"I'll get you some and send them down," said Bernard at once.

"Thank you, my boy, thank you! Well. How fit you're looking, Bernie," and he eyed the handsome face proudly.

"The same to you, sir," laughed Bernard. "Yes, I am all right. I needn't ask after your health—you are always well."

"Yes, yes," assented Sir Terence, but with something like a sigh; "that's what's been the matter with me all my life, Bernie, I've always been too well."

Bernard laughed at the dull, and Sir Terence, after a shade of the head, chimed in. The two laughs made pleasant music.

"And what's the news, my boy?" asked Sir Terence, smoking his cigar with the most perfect enjoyment. "Just give me that glass before you begin, will you?"

Bernard reached for the glass.

"There's no news, sir," he said. "Why, it isn't long since you were up, and the world rolls on just the same."

"But does it?" queried Sir Terence. "Come, I heard more news than that at the club——"

"There's no place like White's for gossip, sir," put in Bernard.

"Gad, you're right," assented Sir Terence. "I tell 'em that they are like a parcel of old women. But speaking of the countess, Bernie, who's this new beauty, Miss—Miss, what's her name?—Felicia Damerel?" He put the question pleasantly, casually enough, but Bernard found himself starting.

Why, he had forgotten Felicia, and only last night he had been on the point of asking her to be his wife!

"What about her, sir?" he asked.

"I hear she's as lovely as Venus," said Sir Terence, sipping his soda and whisky. "Dear, dear, how many women I've heard compared with the same Venus, and deservedly, too, There was Arabella Vernon—she's the Countess of Ballyhulish now. Did I ever tell you that I asked her to run away with me? And she would have done it, she would, Bernie, but she was afraid of getting her feet wet. It was at a ball." He laughed with keen enjoyment of the remembrance. "And there was Maude Vavasour, and Carrie Denbighshire—but there, there, the world's always full of beautiful women, thank heaven! But this Miss Damerel, Bernie, I hear——"

He paused and looked up invitingly at Bernard's face; it was rather grave now.

"You shouldn't believe all you hear, sir," he said quietly.

"Gad, you're right," assented Sir Terence. "And so there's nothing serious, eh, my boy? Don't think," he went on quickly, "that I want to pry into your affairs, Bernie. No, no, I've never done that, and I'm not going to begin it now. A man's heart is his own, and nobody else's business, though—well, you'll forgive your old dad being a bit curious and interested, Bernie."

Bernard put his hand on his father's shoulder and laughed softly.

"You make me laugh when you say 'old,' sir," he said. "I don't believe you are out of your twenties yet."

Sir Terence laughed with keen enjoyment, but shook his head a moment after and sighed.

"And so all's going well with you up to now, Bernie?" he said after a pause. "Is there anything I can do for you now I'm in town?"

Bernard said "No" gratefully, then appeared to remember something.

"Oh, you might let me have a little money, if you will, sir," he said, as if he were mentioning quite a trifling request.

Sir Terence's eyelids dropped and he looked hard at the end of his cigar.

"Money, Bernie," he said, in a tone of admirably simulated carelessness, "money, my boy?"

"Yes," said Bernard, "I've got one or two bills that ought to be paid. The fellows have been rather pressing lately."

"Bills, eh? Oh, yes, yes," murmured Sir Terence, with half-closed eyes; "what's—what's the figure, Bernie? Tell me the sum total; it's the best way, you know."

"Of course," said Bernard. "I always do so, sir."

"Of course, of course," assented Sir Terence, patting his arm. "I know that, my boy. Quite right, quite right. Well, how much is it?"

Bernard considered for a moment or two before he replied.

"A little over a couple of thousand, sir."

Sir Terence did not start or utter an ejaculation. He sat quite still and silent, but his under lip twitched, and a sudden pallor overspread his handsome, careless face.

"A—a couple of thousand, eh, Bernie?" he said. "Been going it lately, my boy?"

"I don't know, sir; about the same as usual," said Bernard. "Perhaps I have. For one thing I've had rather bad luck of late. I owe Stoyle nearly a thou——"

"Stoyle!" the baronet started and repeated the name in rather a dry voice. "You play with Stoyle? Yes, yes, of course. I'm sorry you should have had bad luck, and—and—I—I wouldn't play much if I were you, Bernie." He stifled a sigh. "I know this must sound rather Pharisaical and hypocritical coming from me; but—well, I wouldn't play high. Stoyle—well, you see Stoyle is a rich man, and——"

"I know," said Bernard, still quite at ease. "Don't intend to play as much as I have done, and I know I am no match for Stoyle. I don't really care for the cards; but, well, you must do something. And all the fellows play, much or little."

"Yes, yes," murmured the easy-going Sir Terence. "But—er—well. Yes, a couple of thousands. I wouldn't play with Stoyle, Bernie. And you owe him a thousand! He must be paid."

His usual happy-go-lucky voice was grave, his debonair air had deserted him—at any rate for the moment.

"Why, of course," assented Bernard, "and I can have the money? Thank you, sir."

"Of course, of course," said Sir Terence. There was a moment's silence, then, looking at his cigar critically, he said—

"And there is nothing between this reigning beauty and you, eh Bernie?"

Bernard did not reply very promptly, and Sir Terence glanced up at him with a faint smile.

"Eh, my boy?"

"No," said Bernard at last. His voice was grave. "I—well I thought there might have been; but—no, there is nothing, sir."

"Well, well," said Sir Terence. "It's rather a pity, isn't it? I suppose she is an heiress from all I hear."

Bernard shook his head.

"No, no," he said. "Miss Damerel has

no fortune that I know. None whatever."

Sir Terence started.

"You are sure there is nothing between you? Thank Heaven!"

Bernard looked surprised.

It had never occurred to him that his father should want him to marry money. Why should he? Was not he Bernard, heir to the Yorke estates, and therefore quite free from the necessity of playing the part of fortune-hunter?

Sir Terence saw the look of surprise and coughed.

"I—I mean," he said hastily, as if to dispel the impression his words had produced. "I mean that—— Well, you know, Bernie, money is always useful; and a girl's none the worse for having a dower."

"But my wife need have none, sir," said Bernard.

"No, no; of course not," said Sir Terence quickly; but his lip twitched again. "Just go! As you say! What capital cigars these are, my boy."

"You have let that one go out. Take another, sir," said Bernard, and he got off his perch on the arm of the chair, selected a fresh one with care, and lit a match.

The baronet's hand trembled slightly as he took it, but Bernard did not notice it.

"Yes," he said, as if he were pursuing a line of thought without reference to Bernard's special case. "Yes. It's as easy to fall in love with a girl with money as with one who hasn't any, Gad!" The famous smile lit up his face for a moment. "It's easy enough to fall in love with all of them. So I say, Bernie, don't—er—that is—— My boy," he broke out with a sudden seriousness, "I want you to promise me something."

"All right, sir," said Bernard readily. "What is it?"

"That you won't go and get entangled—engaged—without coming to me first. Is it too much to ask? Well, perhaps it is. By George!" with a burst of irrepressible candor; "I wouldn't have given my father such a promise, and therefore I oughtn't to ask you."

"Oh, that's different," said Bernard, with a smile; I'll promise you that, sir."

Then suddenly the smile vanished, for he thought of Nance Gray. But he tried to put the vision of the lovely face, with its auburn hair and violet eyes, away from him. He knew that he could not marry Nance Grey.

"Right," said Sir Terence, as if he were shaking off some particularly unpleasant mental burden. "That's right. And now my boy, what shall we do? I shan't go back till to-morrow, and I've all the rest of the day free," and he extended his hands and rubbed them, laughing like a schoolboy out for a spree.

Bernard laughed too.

"We'll go for a stroll, if you like, sir," he said; "and then you shall dine with me at the club, and you can get some whist."

"Good!" said the baronet, springing up with the alacrity of a young man. "Come on!"

They went out arm in arm, the baronet with his hat a little on one side—why didn't he look vulgar, like Mr. Grey?—and with his handsome face beaming. They met friends and acquaintances on the road, and one and all had a warm greeting for Evergreen Yorke. Ladies driving by stopped their carriages to shake hands with "that dear Sir Terence."

Lady Winshire was amongst these, and, as Bernard said when they parted from her their meeting was quite touching.

"So you are up in town again, you bad man?" she exclaimed, smiling down at him as he stood bareheaded in the fine old-fashioned way.

"Yes, Lady Winshire, I've come to take care of this boy of mine," said Sir Terence, pressing Bernard's arm fondly.

"Indeed! How touching! And, pray, who is going to take care of you?" she retorted laughingly. "How long are you going to stay? You must come and see me. Come now, and have some tea, I'm going home."

"Shall I?" said Sir Terence, and he put his hand on the handle of the door. Then he seemed to remember something, and shook his head with a sigh. I'd forgotten—and who wouldn't forget?—that I'd an engagement," he said, wistfully.

"Some mischief, of course?" remarked her ladyship. "Well, come soon. Bring him, Mr. Yorke."

A few yards further on they met Lady Fanny Howard on horseback, and that "smart" young lady drew up with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, how jolly!" she ejaculated, quite loudly enough to be heard all down St. James's street. "Why, I was just thinking of you, Sir Terence."

"There now!" he exclaimed, beaming on her, "and it was of yourself I was thinking, Lady Fanny."

They had not met for months.

"I'm so glad to see you. Does father know you are in town? Come and dine with us to-night. You're the only wicked young man he associates with, you know."

Sir Terence grinned.

"Oh, I forgot; he has a missionary meeting or something of the kind to-night. Never mind, you can take me to the theatre."

"I'd take you to—to the other end of the world, Lady Fanny," he said, his gray eyes dancing, as only an Irishman's can; "but I'm engaged to Bernard here."

"Never mind; both of you come. Lady Winshire's box, the Haymarket. Now don't say you will, and go and forget it, as you generally do."

"My dear Lady Fanny!"

"Oh, yes; you do, you dreadful man! Mr. Yorke, I hope you won't grow up like your father—the most insincere——" she dropped her voice, "delightful man! Isn't he perfectly lovely?"

All the way up Piccadilly it was like a triumphal progress, and Sir Terence's hat brim must have been sorely tried. Then suddenly, just after he had left a dowager duchess, the smile left his face, the laughing speech to Bernard died away on his lips.

Bernard looked up and saw Lord Stoyle sauntering along the other side of the road in his languid dawdling fashion.

Sir Terence touched the brim of his hat, then pulled up short.

"I forgot," he said, in a grave voice, "I forgot that money you owe Stoyle, Bernie," he said. "Er—er," he hesitated and looked at his watch. "I forgot a little appointment I'd made; I must go. Let me see. Yes; I'll join you at the club at eight o'clock. Will that do?"

Bernard looked at his suddenly grave face with surprise, and Sir Terence forced a smile.

"Only a little bit of business, my boy," he said. "Till eight o'clock. He laid his hand affectionately on Bernard's straight, strong shoulder, looked at him with a strangely wistful gaze, and up and down the road as if for a bansom, but, as if changing his mind, he walked on.

But when he had got around a corner he beckoned a cab and told the man to drive him to 99 Guilford street.

Now, Guilford street is anything but a fashionable street, and the cabman, staring at the beautifully dressed "old sweil" as he mentally designated him, repeated the direction questioningly.

"Yes, Guilford street," said Sir Terence, and he leant back in the cab and sighed.

As the horse dashed along the cheerful face grew graver and sadder, until by the time the West-end had been left behind, and Bloomsbury reached, it had become quite grey and lined with care; and so unlike the careless debonair countenance of Evergreen Yorke that his friends would scarcely have recognized it.

The cab pulled up at the door of one of the heavy substantial houses which characterize Guilford street, and Sir Terence got out. As he paid the fare, his hand shook slightly—the cabman thought to himself "Old swell been on the spree;" but it shook still more as he slowly ascended the steps and pulled the bell; and wiping his face with his handkerchief murmured—

"My poor Bernard! If he knew."

CHAPTER VII.

SIR TERENCE rang twice before the door was opened by a sour-looking maid-servant, dressed in black, who, in response to Sir Terence's question—

"Is Mr. Harwood at home?" demanded his name.

"Er—tell him that a gentleman wants to see him," said Sir Terence, after a moment's hesitation.

She left him standing in the hall, and presently returned and showed him into a room on the ground floor. It was a large, sombre apartment, panelled in black oak half-way to the ceiling; the furniture was dark and heavy; the curtains were drawn and the only light was afforded by a parraffin lamp of not the most brilliant kind.

Seated at a table littered with papers and books was a tall, gaunt man, with iron-grey hair, and small piercing eyes overhung by thick black brows. His face was colorless and cadaverous, his lips thin and harsh, his whole aspect hard and forbidding.

He was dressed in black, relieved only by a tall, old-fashioned collar which touched his hard, square chin.

One sometimes sees such men walking through by-ways of the City: walking with bent head and the absorbed manner which proclaims, as loudly as if they shouted it, "I worship money—money, only money!"

This man's name was Stephen Harwood, and though he looked years older than Evergreen Yorke, he was several years younger than the light-hearted debonair baronet. Not that Sir Terence looked particularly light-hearted or debonair at that moment.

He raised the small, piercing eyes as Sir Terence entered the room, and kept them fixed on him with a kind of impassive scrutiny.

"How do you do, Stephen?" said Sir Terence, holding out his hand and forcing a smile and a semblance of his usual cheeriness. "Gad, there's scarcely light enough to see how you're looking," and he blinked at the meagre lamp.

"There's light enough for me," said Stephen Harwood, in a cold, repelling voice, as he just touched Sir Terence's hand with a long, thin claw. "Sit down," and he nodded to one of the stiff, uncomfortable chairs.

Sir Terence dropped into it, and looked round the sombre, melancholy room ruefully.

"Why the deuce do you shut out the light, and why do you live in this gloomy house. It's only fit for blackbeetles or—or a mute," he added—the latter personage being suggested, perhaps, by the tall, black figure and cadaverous face opposite him.

"I am not fond of the light; the house suits me," was the retort; "and as I do not ask my friends to share it with me, I am free to follow my inclinations."

"Certainly, certainly," assented Sir Terence, with alacrity. "Very rude of me to make a remark; but well, upon my soul, Stephen, you're got a queer taste."

"Have you come here to censure my taste, Sir Terence?" demanded Stephen, as drily as before, and with the keen eyes still fixed on Sir Terence's face.

"No, no. Bless me! how you take a man up——"

"What have you come for?" asked Stephen Harwood, his hands clasped on the table, his brows lowering with impatience. "I am a busy man——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Sir Terence. "You always were. Though why the deuce you should work yourself to skin and bone——"

The piercing eyes glowed with momentary resentment.

"That is my business; it's because it pleases me," was the response. "We cannot all be idle drones, cumbering the earth, and wasting our substance. But I've no wish to quarrel, Sir Terence. What is your business? For business, and not pleasure, brings you here."

Sir Terence shrugged his shoulders as if he recognized that it was useless to attempt conciliation.

"Yes, it's business, sure enough," he said with a sigh. "I want some more money, Stephen."

Harwood leant back and nursed his square, hard chin with his long, thin hand.

"You want more money?" he said slowly and gratingly. "Has the last gone already?"

Sir Terence shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands apologetically.

"'Deed, and it has!" he said with a sigh. "It doesn't take long to go, especially when it's nearly all owed," he continued. "What with the interest always falling due, and the bad rents—the poor deuce of farmers can't pay half the time."

"Then, turn them out and get those who can in their place," came the hard retort.

"Turn 'em out?" echoed Sir Terence, half sadly, half indignantly. "Turn out the poor fellows that have been on the place for generations? Dash it, Stephen, I can't do that! They've paid when they could, they and their fathers. They're part and parcel of the place. Turn 'em out because we're having a spell of bad times. Why, man, all the dead and gone Yorkes would rise in their graves to cry shame on me. No, no! You—you see, you don't understand!"

"No, perhaps not," said Stephen with grim sarcasm. "I'm not a baronet and lord of Sparshire. I am only a plain man of business. Is that what you mean? Because if you do, you are quite right."

"There's no need to—to put it so offensively. I meant no sneer, Stephen. We are as God made us."

"No, we are as we make ourselves," said Stephen coldly. "But perhaps you are right, and Providence intended that you and your fathers before you should be spendthrifts, and that I should make and value the money you and yours fling into the gutter."

"There, there!" said Sir Terence, in a vain attempt at soothing.

"We're a bad lot, I daresay, but—but—well, well. You must let me have the money, Stephen. I want it badly. I'm in a deuce of a fix. What with the rents not coming in and—and——" He coughed and looked almost piteously at the stern face before him.

"And your son's and your own extravagance," finished Stephen Harwood. I suppose this money is for him, as well as yourself—to pay his gambling and other debts."

Sir Terence winced.

"You put it harshly, Stephen," he said deprecatingly, "deuced harshly. If—if the boy has overrun the constable, it's—it's—"

"It's in his blood; he is only following the example of his father, and so is excusable," said Stephen grimly.

"I meant that he was no worse than other young fellows," said Sir Terence. "He's the best, the straightest; Stephen, I wish you could see him, know him. You'd like him, I know you would. He's as handsome as an Apollo, and grows more like his mother every day——"

It was an unfortunate remark, and Sir Terence knew it the moment he had said it; for he stopped, aghast at the sudden change which came to Stephen's face and manner. Harwood's hand dropped from the chair and fell, clenched, noiselessly on the table; a dark red suffused the cadaverous face, and a swift fire flashed in the sunken eyes.

"More like the woman who jilted me for you!" he exclaimed, almost inaudibly, but with a fierce resentment and anger. "You are wise to remind me of the past, Sir Terence, very wise, especially when you come to ask a favor!"

"Upon my soul, I beg your pardon, Stephen," said Sir Terence, remorsefully, and with a certain sad dignity which should have touched the man he addressed, but which only added fuel to the fire.

"The woman you stole from me," continued Stephen Harwood, bitterly.

"I am sorry. It slipped out. I didn't mean to remind you, to open old sores, Stephen. Heaven and earth, man! I—I thought you'd forgotten—that you'd ceased to bear a grudge about poor Lucy years ago."

"I never forget," retorted Stephen, between his teeth. "It is all very well for the man who works the injury, does the wrong—the happy man—to talk of forgiveness; but the man he has robbed—do you think he does not remember? I tell you, Terence Yorke, that while I live——" He stopped, as if ashamed of his emotion, and waved his hand agitatedly.

"I'm sorry, sorry!" said Sir Terence, regretfully. "I'd no idea that—that you nursed your resentment like this, Stephen. Why—why, you married——"

It was another unfortunate remark, and quite worthy of Sir Terence, who was one of those men who are always "putting their foot in it." He might have remembered that the man to whom he was speaking had driven his wife and child from him by his coldness and evil temper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BABY'S PERILS.—What a perilous existence babies lead! Their hair-breadth escapes are something to be thought of with a shudder. You hear of their falling out of bed, falling downstairs, swallowing buttons, scalding themselves, burying themselves under tablecloths covered with dishes, and yet doing very well. That they are liberally provisioned by nature is happily certain. If toothache keeps a big able-bodied man writhing and groaning, what would he say to cutting a tooth? And yet a baby will cut half-a-dozen teeth at a time, and look at you as much as to say, "Pooh, pooh, my dear sir—a mere trifle!" One fit of spasms will make a strong man crawl upon his stomach, but a baby will have strong fits of spasms hour after hour, and still appear as if it thought life worth living. He completely illustrates the certainty of the unexpected.

AFFLICTIONS.—Afflictions are grievous to the body, but they are often beneficial to the soul. Nature, after a long continuance of sunshine and calm, needs a storm to agitate the stagnant waters and fill the foaming waves with vital air for the good of the creatures of the sea. It needs the tempest to set the particles of the close impure atmosphere that has been long at rest into violent motion, and thus impart to them those vital influences which the plants and animals of the land require for their health and well-being. And so the man whose prosperous life settles down upon the lees of his nature and partakes of their sordidness requires the storm of trial to purify the atmosphere of his soul, to rouse him from his selfishness, to brace up his energies, and to make him a blessing to others and a grander and truer man.

INTERPRETERS.

BY F. M. B.

The lark sings—bathed in sunshine—
"Oh, Love is joy and gladness."
In shade the nightingale complains,
"Oh, Love is pain and sadness."

It takes a nightingale and lark
To tell Love's complex history;
For Love is joy, and Love is pain,
And therein lies the mystery!

Sebastian Delpiano.

BY R. K. K.

CHAPTER VIII—(CONTINUED)

MRS. VERE was full of sympathy with Lady Emily's troubles and of regrets at her contemplated departure from San Rocco. "And your daughter will, I am sure, be quite distressed at having to leave here," she said in conclusion. "She is so devoted to the place, and seems to have enjoyed her time here so thoroughly. By-the-bye, would you let me take her this evening to the rocks to see the waves by moonlight? It is really a lovely night, and what a pity you are not able yourself to go out in the evening, Lady Emily. I saw Mr. Delpiano to-day and he told me he had met your daughter and Lord Cringeltie, and there had been some talk about going to the rocks by moonlight, and Ginevra had wished very much to go. He would go with us, for of course it is better to have a gentleman with one when one goes out in the evening here, and he knows the rocks thoroughly and he will take us to the most sheltered place."

Oh! Mrs. Vere, from whence did you get the serpent's wile to mix with the innocence of the dove?

Lady Emily, believing wholly in the innocence of her companion, answered graciously, "It is very kind of you, Mrs. Vere, to think of taking Ginevra. I will let her go on the condition you do not let her stay out long, please, and don't let her climb into any dangerous places, she is such a thoughtless child."

"Oh, you needn't be at all afraid, Lady Emily; I will take the greatest possible care of her."

"What a pity Harry has to go and dine with his friends at Monte Carlo to-night," said Lady Emily musingly. "Or he could have gone with you and there would been have no need of troubling Mr. Delpiano."

"What a nice young man Lord Cringeltie is," said Mrs. Vere diplomatically, it also being her sincere opinion, for she had been taken with his cheerful frankness and good looking, open face.

Started on what was just then her favorite topic, Lady Emily became discreetly eloquent, and Mrs. Vere was still seated in her salon when the two young people returned from their scramble. After a little general conversation, Ginevra said:

"Well, mammy darling, may I go to the rocks to-night? I am sure Mrs. Vere couldn't say no to any one; she is not accustomed to it, not possessing a troublesome daughter, so I don't even ask her if she will take me for I know she will if you let her."

Mrs. Vere smiled brightly at the girl in acknowledgment of the pretty little compliment to her good-nature, and Lady Emily said graciously:

"Yes, deary, you may go. Mrs. Vere asked me about it. I don't see any objection if you wrap up well and don't stay out long."

Ginevra was radiant. With her young, fresh nature, little pleasures were sufficient as yet to fill life with perpetual sunshine for her; she did not know or understand aught of the dark side of life's picture, which seemed to her to be painted all in bright colors.

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"This monotony is perfectly sickening. I feel it is quite impossible for me to go on living as we do. I had much rather die. Why did you bring me to this horrible place, Sebastian? I believe you did it on purpose to punish me."

Here the shrill voice of Madame Delpiano broke down in sobs; she covered her powdered face with her handkerchief, and lay thus on her lazy chair, presenting an image of dire distress which at any other time would have touched her son's soft heart; but now his whole spirit rose in revolt against the injustice, the cruelty, of his mother's egoism. Standing opposite her, leaning against the mantelpiece, motionless and silent, he had listened to the storm of regrets, passionate longings and unkind reproaches, with which the foolish woman bewailed her fate. After thirty years of a brilliant existence to have to end it like this in the obscurity of a miserable fishing village!

The storm had been brewing for some time past. With her improved health the old restlessness had returned, the craving after amusement. Her old life in the gay Austrian capital was ever in her mind; time had dulled the remembrance of any bitterness she had felt at becoming passee, at seeing the court she had once reigned over dwindle away little by little. Now, what had been still pleasant remained only in her recollection. Why should not she and Sebastian go and live in Vienna?

There could be no reason for concealment of their true relationship; no one would wonder at the existence of a son whom it had been her good pleasure to disown till a convenient moment arrived for producing him. It would be even to Sebastian's advantage, she argued foolishly, if he really possessed the genius he was supposed to. What a field there would open to him to display it and to become famous.

And once possessed of this idea she could think of nothing else. As yet she dared not say anything positive about it to her son, but began by hinting a change of scene would be beneficial to both of them that neither of them were meant to lead secluded lives, apart from all intercourse with the world; but Sebastian had never responded to these remarks, except with, "Well, mother dear, I think we are happy here, and it would be unwise of us to try and begin another mode of life now."

There were times when Madame Delpiano bitterly regretted having taken the false step as she called it, of seeing out her son; it had been been rashly done, but, for some obscure reason or other, she had fancied she would have found him more like herself, more in sympathy with her wholly frivolous nature.

His very superiority to her, in goodness, his austerity of principle irritated her. "Duty is everything with him," she often thought bitterly; "if he did not refuse to take me in it was because duty bade him give his mother a home, and duty again bids him to take every care of me now; but if I were to die to-morrow, how glad he would be; he would feel as if a heavy burden had been lifted off his shoulders. He and I are as wide apart in thoughts and sympathies as if there were no tie of flesh and blood connecting us."

She had bitterly resented Sebastian refusing to acknowledge their true relationship, and making her pass as his aunt.

"It is for your sake and father's memory," he had said simply. "Your coming back to Italy after every one believed you dead would excite such comment that the whole story would be raked up afresh, and poor father's misfortune become a matter of public gossip. We will bury the past, mother dear, and never refer to it again; it will be best so."

That Sebastian had given up all his brilliant prospects and devoted himself entirely to nursing her, instead of touching had angered her.

"He is ashamed of me," she thought angrily, "or he would never have done such a thing as to bury himself alive in this way."

Between her and Sebastian there had never passed a word as to the real reason of his leaving Turin so abruptly; but when he had said during that first interview between them—so painful to both of them—"I think the best thing we can do, mother, is to travel about for a time; I don't think you will like Turin, and I shall be glad of a change," all she had said was, "Yes, you are right," but she had understood.

And now the time had come when Sebastian was to learn that his sacrifice had been made in vain, and from his mother's own lips. On that evening, for some reason or other, she had worked herself up into a state of nervous exasperation and discontent, which robbed her of all self-control, and she had given vent to all the bitterness she had so long and secretly nursed. On Sebastian's heart every word fell like the stab of a knife.

She had heaped up her reproaches, telling him she believed that with a view of punishing her he had condemned her to a life which he knew would kill her sooner or later; that he was her jailor; that she wished she had never come back to him, it had been folly on her part, that fond wish to be with her child once more; that child despised and insulted her; she might have known it would have been thus, he was his father's son, every bit of him, cold, implacable, self-righteous, and then she had stopped, exhausted by her own violence, and Sebastian had not found a word to answer her with, though his whole heart was crying out in passionate protest. The only sounds now in the dimly-lighted room were the muffled sobs of Madame Delpiano and the loud ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, chimed the clock in deep, sonorous tones, and Sebastian started.

At nine o'clock he had promised to be at the Hotel d'Angleterre to fetch Mrs. Vere and Ginevra. Quickly he went up to his mother's sofa and bent over her.

"Mother," he said very gently, "I must be going now. If you think over what you said to me just now, I think you will acknowledge you have been a little hard on me. I have tried honestly to be a good son to you, and that I have failed to be a help or comfort to you in any way is my misfortune rather than my fault. I was born under an unlucky star. In whatever I try to do I fail, apparently."

The fact of Sebastian intending to go out that evening and leaving her alone had been an additional grievance with Madame Delpiano, so all she said now was, pettishly:

"Go away to your friends, Sebastian; I shall be glad to be alone."

Sebastian turned away and without a word left the room.

* * * * *

"Oh, how glorious it is! how glad I am we came!" So cries Ginevra.

She and Sebastian are standing together on a great pile of glistening rock which rises up out of the seething water below, and connected with the land by a narrow causeway of rocks. Mrs. Vere and Mr. Delaine, who had met the party on their way down and attached himself to it, have preferred keeping within the shelter afforded by the li tie chapel dedicated to San Rocco, the patron saint of the village, and which is perched upon the very extreme limit of the land, the sea washing the base of its grey weather-stained walls.

The wind has been increasing in violence during the afternoon, and has lashed the sea into a foaming fury. Up in the clear sky the full moon is shining with an intense brightness, making a broad golden pathway across the troubled surface of the sea.

On come the great foam-crested waves, one after another, leaping and surging in frenzied haste to break with a sound of thunder on the rocks, sending thin clouds of spray shorewards.

The summit of the rock on which Genevra and Sebastian are standing is high above the waves which pour over its lower ledges; the spray is blown fresh and salt in their faces, and makes their cheeks wet.

It was Ginevra's wish to climb up to the place in spite of Mrs. Vere's gentle remonstrances.

"Mr. Delpiano will go with me, and so you needn't be afraid," the girl had said persuasively, and Mrs. Vere had said no more.

Sebastian had held Ginevra's hand as he helped her along from one boulder to another of the rocky causeway, and now he stood by her side and ought to have felt in heaven for the moment; but try as he would, he could not shake off the feeling of the sickening disappointment which the cruel scene he had just gone through had left behind.

He felt annihilated with the suddenness of the collapse of his delusion. She had hated him all along, then; if she did not hate him she never could have spoken as she had done. She wished to be rid of him; he was in her eyes only an obstacle hindering her from returning to the life she longed after. And yet if he were no longer there, would she not perhaps miss him just a little?

There would be no one to care for her as he had done, and yet, after all, he had during these ten years of devotion to her only succeeded in making him odious to her. In everything, then, he had failed, come short of what had been expected of him. Why not make an end of the life so useless to others and but a burden to himself? What was there to live or hope for? Nothing.

Ginevra had noticed Sebastian's more than usually grave, pre-occupied looks that evening. When he had greeted her there had been no quick lighting up of the dreamy eyes, no smile with which he was wont to show involuntarily his pleasure at seeing her.

Ginevra was very quick of perception, and therefore she knew that her master liked her and was glad to be with her, but was far from guessing that he was in love with her, as she might have done had she been older and more experienced. As yet she did not trouble her young head about such things; she was still a careless, happy child, to whom each day brought sufficient enjoyment to occupy all her thoughts, to the exclusion of all possibility of day-dreaming.

Now on this evening she was enjoying herself thoroughly. It was something quite new to her, this storm by moonlight, and the roar and commotion around her filled her with childish excitement mingled with awe

The great waves seemed to her in the moonlight to take unreal fantastic shapes and to be tossing their long white arms upwards as if trying to seize her—her fancy of the sea being some cruel, insatiable power again took hold of her imagination, now more vividly than ever. And yet, drawn by some peculiar fascination, she made a step forward on the slippery rock, stood on the extreme edge looking down at the boiling s a below. Sebastian caught her by the arm.

"For God's sake, Miss Jones, don't go near the edge! One false step here and one would be beyond rescue."

His voice was quite thick with emotion. Ginevra shivered and suffered herself to be gently drawn back a few steps.

"It is wonderful," she said; "like Fairyland, you know. I can fancy I hear voices in the noise of the storm calling out of the depths of these great waves, 'Come down and see what we can show you below all the foam and surge. Down—down to where the coral grows on the silver sand, and the anemones unfold their feathery petals of blue and pink and amber, and the mermaids play in and out of the thickets of purple seaweed.'" You know," she added apologetically, "I have read all about this in the 'Water Babies' and Andersen's 'Mermaid,' and that is what makes me think of it now."

"You like fairy tales, Miss Jones. Would you care to hear one now? one which I am sure you have never heard before. It will not take long to tell."

"Oh, yes," cried the girl, surprised. "I love all fairy stories."

In a low voice, so low that Ginevra had to bend her fair head towards him to hear amidst the noise of the wind and waves. Sebastian began:

"There was once a poor lad, so very poor that he used to sit and cry aloud over his poverty, he felt so utterly miserable and solitary amongst all his neighbors, who each had their possessions, some greater, some smaller, but none of them gave anything to him or helped him.

"Then one evening as he was sitting as usual all alone thinking of his grief, a bright-robed fairy stood before him with a star on her forehead, and her name was Hope, and smiling, she said, 'Come with me. I will show you a place where you will find all that your heart desires; the way there is a long and difficult one, but if you keep your eyes fixed on me you will not grow weary or faint.' With that she floated away, and the lad began running after her, on and ever onwards, over stony ground which cut his feet, through brambles which lacerated his flesh, over hill and dale, till often he would fain have dropped down from sheer exhaustion; but with his eyes fixed on the bright star in front of him, he felt an irresistible power impelling him onwards. And thus he struggled all night long, and at daybreak he had reached a swiftly-flowing river spanned in one place by a single golden plank. On the opposite side, in a fragrant grove of ilex and myrtle, stood a fair white temple all shining in the glory of the rising sun, which kissed to flame the letters inscribed over the portal, 'The Temple of Fame.' On the marble steps leading up to it the poor lad saw hurrying to and fro eager groups, some ascending and some descending, the latter with proud victorious men wearing laurel wreaths on their brows. Along the myrtle-bordered paths of the grove, lovely maidens walked hand in hand, and on them the victorious ones bent their looks, seeking for that sympathy which makes triumph taste sweetest. And as the poor lad looked, his heart swelled with longing. Hope stood on the other side beckoning him with a smile, and already he had placed with a beating heart one foot on the golden plank, when a mist rose suddenly out of the river veiling the opposite bank; thicker and thicker it grew, enveloping the poor lad in its icy fold, and a voice whispered mockingly in his ear: 'Fool, go back to your own place again where you were born and where you shall surely die. What would you here? Go back! go back!' Trembling the lad looked for the light which had guided him during the way, but it was hidden now. Then sick and faint he fell back and lost all consciousness; when he awoke, lo! he was in his old place again, and it was as if he had never left it save for the marks of the wounds on his hands and feet."

There was a silence of a few seconds. "Would she understand him? No, how could she? knowing nothing of the tragedy of his life, and yet if there should exist a bond of sympathy between them she might guess."

Sebastian's heart beat in great throbs; at that juncture he had lost all power of calm reasoning; he was moved solely by an intense yearning after pity from her; more than pity he did not dare wish for; to see her look kindly and compassionately at him, to feel himself understood, would heal the bleeding wound his mother's cruelty had afflicted

The way he had told his story, the tone of his voice, the searching imploring look which met hers and seemed to hold it rivated by a sort of fascination, bewildered the girl. What did it mean? Why did he keep looking at her so strongly? She felt all of a sudden a little afraid of her companion and wished to get back to the others. A little nervously she said:

"What a sad fairy story yours is, Mr. Delpiano. I prefer those with a bright ending. I never could bear the sad ones; they made me cry when I was a little girl, but, of course, now I am not so silly; still I don't like to hear about anything sad—ever."

Sebastian smiled bitterly.

"Truth is sometimes sadder than fiction," he said quietly; "but, please God, Miss Ginevra, you may never learn this yourself."

The solemnness of his tone puzzled and frightened Ginevra still more.

"Let us go back to the others," she said, and made a hasty step forward; her foot slipped on the polished surface of the rock on whose edge she was standing, and with a little sharp cry of terror she fell down on to a sea washed ledge some ten feet below.

Quick as thought, Sebastian sprang down beside her; he did not lose his presence of mind though she clung to him in her terror screaming for help. His quick eye had caught sight of a little niche in the rock some two feet above them, just large enough to give a foothold; there was not a second to be lost; the great wave was rushing onwards which would flood the ledge with the foaming volume of water. He lifted her in his arms as if she had been a child and placed her feet in the niche.

"Hold on and you will be safe," he cried hoarsely. "God bless you, Ginevra."

The girl obeyed almost unconsciously and clung to the projecting piece of rock above her; the same instant the wove broke, enveloping her in blinding spray. And now she heard the voice of Mr. Delaine above her, shouting, "Give me your hands, quick," and the next moment she felt them seized in a strong grasp and herself drawn up on to the top of the rock. But all she did was to cower down and stare at the seething water below with dilating eyes, and pointing downwards, gasped:

"Signor Delpiano. Save him." There lay the ledge below all clear swept and shining in the moonlight.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Delaine, "is it possible? He is beyond all earthly help, then, now."

A great sob rose in his throat; it was too horrible to know that his friend was now but a plaything of those cruel waves which were tossing hither and thither against the jagged edges of the rocks. Ginevra's cries for help had brought him and Mrs. Vere hurrying to the spot. From their nook on the chapel platform they had not seen the accident.

And now overcome by the horror of the thing, Ginevra began weeping bitterly; Mrs. Vere knelt beside her holding her in her motherly arms and coaxing her to come away, but with no avail. Now she appealed to her old friend to help her.

"You must take her away from here, she mustn't stay any longer."

Mr. Delaine lifted the girl to her feet and drawing her arm through his guided her gently but firmly along the slippery rocks to the chapel platform, Mrs. Vere bringing up the rear trembling in every limb. And so the little trio stand in the bright moonlight, which casts their shadows, preternaturally big, on the patch of coarse seagrass in front of the chapel. Their eyes with one accord are riveted on that one little bit of sea between the rocks and the shore, and yet what can they expect to see there?

Only when the storm has abated the sea will give up her dead, and it may be miles farther away along the coast that the poor mangled remnant of what has been once a human life will be cast on the shore. Mrs. Vere is the first to recover the entire consciousness of things; to the others what has happened seems some horrible dream in its overwhelming suddenness. She remembers now with a pang her promise of taking well care of Ginevra, and how she has fulfilled it. What will Lady Emily say? The only thing to be done now is to take the girl as quickly as she can be taken back to her mother.

An hour later, Ginevra is tucked up in the blankets, her mother and Perkins by her bedside, and a little pompous-mannered, gold-spectacled man, the doctor, feeling her pulse.

"Beyond the heightened temperature occasioned by the fright the young lady has had, I do not see there has been any mischief done," he proclaims. "She must be kept quiet, and not allowed to take much or excite herself. I will write out a prescription for a soothing draught, and I will look in the first thing to-morrow." With that he bowed himself out of the room.

Ginevra, thoroughly exhausted, soon fell asleep, and all during the night the faithful Perkins, having persuaded Lady Emily to let her watch alone, sat by her darling's bedside, her honest heart tortured by remorse, retracting now when it was too late her sweeping condemnation of everything "furrin." Was it not one of the hated species who had saved her young mistress's life at the cost of his own? Blessed be his memory for ever.

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE crowd of mourners is grouped round the freshly-dug grave in the Campo Santo of San Rocco. It is composed chiefly of rough fisher folks, who stand bareheaded, their red caps in their hands, while the tears pour down many a bronzed furrowed cheek. Women, holding their children by the hand, stand whispering to each other with awe-struck faces; some weep audibly.

The priest is hurriedly gabbling over the concluding words of the burial service. Around him the little white-surpliced acolytes gaze with awe filled eyes into the grave where the black coffin stands. Near the grave stands a trio, composed of Mr. Delaine, the doctor, and Lord Cringeltie, sent by Lady Emily to represent her at the funeral of the man to whom she owed her daughter's life.

Mr. Delaine is quite overpowered by the emotion he feels; the doctor is stiffly self-conscious, and Lord Cringeltie thoroughly uncomfortable. The painter's death had shocked and pained him immeasurably, and had awakened him to full consciousness of his own love for Ginevra. The thought that she too might have shared Sebastian's fate made him realize that life without her would lose all brightness for him.

The Jones' are to leave the next day for Florence, much as Ginevra once loved San Rocco, now she hates it, and welcomes the thought of leaving it. To her mother she says little, but it is Perkins who hears the passionate regrets that they ever came to the place and who dries her tears over Delpiano's death.

In that last cry, "God bless you, Ginevra!" in which Sebastian let escape the secret of his love, the girl had got a glimmer of the truth, though then she did not understand the full reason which had made Sebastian face death so resolutely, without any shrinking.

Later on, with more knowledge of the world and human nature she understood, and with the knowledge the tender reverence with which she hallowed the painter's memory increased tenfold.

* * * * * * *

And now, in the little cemetery, the mourners turn to depart. The priest has already hurried off, and the crowd slowly disperses, forming into little groups, which go their way homewards along the cypress-bordered path, along which such a short while ago the coffin was borne on the shoulders of six stalwart fishermen to its final resting place.

The poor folks have lost the friend who had been ever ready with purse and sympathy to help their needs, and they mourn his loss sincerely. And the poor lady up there in the Villa Oleander, how much worse for her, losing the nephew who was so devoted to her.

When the news of the accident had been brought to her, she had gone into a violent fit of hysterics, and these fits had returned frequently during the following days. Her screams could be heard quite distinctly on the Piazza, where the fisher-folk were wont to bask in the sun, leaning against the parapet wall or lying full length on the ground.

And the day when the body had been found by some coastguardsmen, washed ashore several miles down the coast, and brought home to her, she had gone from one fainting fit into another, till they all thought she would die also. Now she was very feeble, and the doctor and the sister who had been summoned to nurse her shook their heads. Ah, no doubt, ere long there would be another funeral procession wending its way to the little Campo Santo in the valley shut in by olive clad, sun-kissed hills.

* * * * * * *

A month later the Turin Exhibition of pictures opened. Mr. Delaine had seen that Delpiano's picture, the last one he had painted, had been sent there, according to his wish. The critics were unanimous in their enthusiasm. Here are the words of one of them:

"Once again the name of Sebastian Delpiano resounds throughout the world of art, but this time we take up our pen with a heavy heart. We, his countrymen, before all others, have to bewail the cruel fate which snatched him away on the very eve of his fresh triumph and robbed Italy of one of her greatest artists. We will not seek here to penetrate the mystery in which the latter years of the maestro's life were shrouded, or seek to discover what the influences were which laid a ban on his genius for a while. We respect the secret of the dead. Honor to whom honor is due, and we say with confidence that the memory of Sebastian Delpiano will live on for ever amongst us and those that come after us, as that of one whom Italy may be proud to call her son."

* * * * * * *

Extract from a letter a year later from Lady Emily Jones to Mrs. Vere:

"My Dear Mrs. Vere:—Thanks for your kind letter of congratulation. As you know Lord Cringeltie, you will understand that I am very pleased with my daughter's choice, and that I can be quite sure of her future happiness—he is such a thorough good fellow. I shall always look back with pleasure to our stay at San Rocco, and having thus made the acquaintance of one of my dear mother's oldest friends. It was so unfortunate, though, that sad accident occurring to cast a gloom over the last days of our stay there. I am happy to say Ginevra has quite recovered from the painful impression poor Signor Delpiano's shocking death caused her; at her age it is easy to forget. If you are in London the end of May I hope you will come to the wedding. Givevra sends you her best love.

"I am, dear Mrs. Vere,
"Yours Respectfully,
"Emily Jones."

[The end.]

Artistic Advertising.—In a western city there lived two young fellows who painted signs for a livelihood. On a certain occasion one of the painters had some outdoor business to attend to, and left the studio in charge of his partner and a boy who was employed to grind paints. During his absence, the partner, to gratify a whim, painted the boy so as to represent a large gash upon his forehead and a cut over the eye. He bespattered the floor with red paint, clotted the boy's hair, and made him lie down in a corner; after which he painted a great gash on his own cheek, bared his bosom, disordered his dress, dipped a long-bladed knife in the red paint-pot, and patiently awaited the coming of his partner. Directly afterwards he heard him at the door, and then the performance commenced. The painter looked in at the door, and saw the boy prostrate on the floor, groaning and crying, "Murder!" chairs, tables, benches, jugs, and paint-pots being strewed round the room in dire confusion, while the murderous looking partner, with the red knife in his uplifted hand, was running about the room uttering wild and incoherent expressions. It was evident to the artist at the door that his partner had killed the boy. Swift as lightning he fled to obtain assistance, and a number of friends were speedily mustered and repaired to the scene of the supposed terrible tragedy. The crowd augmented as it neared the shop, and in walked the whole posse; but in the meantime everything had been set to rights—the boy was without a mark of any kind, the room in perfect order, no marks of blood were perceptible, and the artist who had been left at home was engaged in painting a sign. On hearing what he was charged with, the latter declared his utter ignorance of the whole matter, but took the opportunity of distributing business cards amongst the crowd, and the result was a great influx of fine-art orders.

An eccentric race for one-legged men was run recently at Nogent, near Paris. It was won by a man 50 years old, who had lost his right leg in the Franco-Prussian war, covering 200 metres in 30 seconds. There were 60 competitors for the prize.

Scientific and Useful.

Velocity.—The velocity of a cannon ball is now measured by electricity. Two screens are fixed at a certain distance, and as the ball strikes each it breaks an electric current and at the same instant records the time on a clock connected with the screens by wires. Then having the distance between the screens and the times of passing accurately recorded, the problem becomes a simple one.

Pneumatics.—The pneumatic principle has been applied to boots. The air tubes lie between the upper and lower soles, and give a springy movement to the foot calculated to reduce friction with the ground and to alleviate fatigue. With a world-wide adoption of this principle irate fathers will be compelled to resort to some new ejector for the lover who disregards the flight of time in his visits.

Through Eight.—A test was made recently with the new Lebel carbine, at Moulins, France, which yielded surprising results. A bullet from one of these rifles was discharged at an advancing bull. It struck the animal's shoulder and came out at the crupper, completely traversing the bull's body; the large bones were pierced with round holes without splintering. It is believed that the bullet would have passed through eight men in a row.

Making Leather.—Leather in twenty-four hours is the subject of a German patent, which, since it is based upon the employment of bichromate of potash and gelatine, no doubt would scarcely hold good in this country. Mixtures of this kind have been proposed ere now for a hundred and one purposes, from the making of sausage skins to the production of waterproof walls. In the present case, the raw hides or skins are placed in a warm or cold solution of—Water, 1,500 parts; gelatine, 50 parts; bichromate of potash, 50 parts. The skins are immersed for the space of a day, and then exposed to daylight to permit the bichromated gelatine, of which the hide is now composed, to become insoluble.

Farm and Garden.

Green Crops.—Whether green manurial crops add fertility or not to the soil the fact remains that by green manuring and the use of lime there is an increase of humus. Mulch or shade of any kind promotes the formation of humus, and thus the land is made capable of retaining more moisture and of hastening chemical processes. All lands have been improved whenever green manuring has been resorted so.

Milk.—It requires quite an amount of boiling water, scrubbing and hard work to remove every trace of "ferment" from a milk can after it has been used. Those who content themselves with simply shaking a little soapy water in the cans and rinsing them with clean water need not be surprised if the milk quickly sours, as the least trace of any portion of the previous milk will hasten a change in the new. Boiling water and carbonate of soda should be used freely.

Manure.—Manure is more subject to loss in very dry weather than at any other time unless a large amount of absorbent material is provided and the heap turned over occasionally, as it may become overheated and "fire-fang." When this occurs the ammonia is given off as as gas. As it is the most valuable portion of the manure its loss should be guarded against. Drenching the heap with cold water, first making openings to allow the water to reach the centre of the heap, is an excellent method of preventing loss.

Fattening Cattle.—The fattening of live stock on cottonseed hulls and meal is becoming quite an important feature in Southern business affairs. It promises to add materially to the prosperity of the South, and to enable that section not only to supply its own wants for good beef, but to ship fattened beeves North in competition with the West. The cattle can be fattened on cottonseed meal and hulls at a total cost of about ten cents a day, while it is estimated to cost at least twenty cents a day in the West and Northwest, where hay, corn and other food-stuffs are used.

Give Attention to the first symptoms of a Lung Complaint, and check the dreaded disease in its incipiency, by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe, old fashioned remedy for all Affections of the Lungs and Bronchia.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

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Absence of Mind.

Nothing but well-established cleverness will save from contempt the man whose wits go a-wool-gathering. He passes down the street with sightless eyes, registering no impressions; mechanically says "Good morning" when it is afternoon; does not know whether it is wet or fine unless the difference is pelted or flashed at him; jostles his neighbor as he turns a corner, and is thought stupid and clumsy; passes the lady to whom he was introduced yesterday, and, returning for a pleasant smile a stony unknowing glare, is set down as a boor; does not hear the greeting of his grocer till twenty seconds after it has been uttered, and so is voted proud—in short, he passes through life misunderstood, laughed at, deceived, and in some danger because he presents barely half himself to the outside world, the other half being engaged in private business that does not belong to the open. If he be of well-established cleverness, his eccentricities are licensed, for he is understood to be at work within when he gives no outward sign of being in possession of himself; but woe and scorn unto him if he be a dull moon-calf, a mere common mental truant!

No doubt the average man's opinion is right, and absent-mindedness in the wrong place is a poor thing; but we must not forget that it has a right place. The man of the market may find some difficulty in realizing that this is so. Look at the two types. Here is the sample of the race who is in present and permanent possession of all his powers of perception. He is a shopkeeper. His mind flits lightly over the surface of a multitude of usable facts, as the trained fingers of the pianist ripple over all the keys. His business is to understand you, his customer—to size you and your wants alongside the belongings of his shop. He is bright, observant, alert, obliging, susceptible to your slightest wish, ready to test your requirements at a hundred different points, but to do it all with lightness of touch.

You may displace fifty articles in his establishment, and he is delighted. He will find no difficulty in putting them back on their shelves; and, when you are gone, he will smooth away the small business-wrinkles your demands have left, and will receive the next customer with a similar readiness and adaptability, all his resources lying within easy reach. To a man of this temperament, with a perfect and an instant command of all his powers of action, absence of mind is a weakness on the borderland of crime.

Perhaps the most curious instance of the union between the absent-mindedness of the student weaving in seclusion with the shuttles of the brain and the observation and alertness of the practical man is seen in the descriptive journalist. He takes the dual character. Alternately, but with alternations so rapid that they appear like simultaneity, he must be here, now, waiting for impressions, watchful, practical, a shrewd observer; and he must also be away, taking counsel with his literary taste, as he casts his observations into as bold and graceful forms as he can command.

A scene of intense dramatic interest, perhaps of historical note, is taking place before his eyes, and he must describe it as it proceeds and commit it sheet by sheet to the mercies of the telegraph-clerk. Every one except the journalist may and does show the excitement he feels; but he must know of it all and yet shut it out from his working mind, separate himself from his surroundings, and in the quietness of thought turn the scene into a word-picture. Yet at the very time that he is doing this he must be noting the fresh developments that are taking place.

All the senses are foraging for material almost simultaneously with the manipulation of the material in the secluded workshop of the brain. The process is not actually simultaneous. There is a sort of pendulum swing from absorbed thought to keen observation, a doing in half-minute turns what the well-balanced man—who is not a time-driven descriptive journalist—does at leisurely intervals—namely, separating between the deep and grateful solitude of the soul—which outsiders call absent-mindedness—and the practical casual surface-affairs of the day.

A practical view of absence of mind would guard us against setting those who are naturally somewhat absent-minded and reflective to perform tasks that would be light and pleasant to people of a practical temperament. The mind refuses to picture John Keats compounding pills, though no doubt he did it. Work that to one would be maddening by its monotony or its constantly-recurring exactness would appear pleasantly rhythmical to another.

The tendencies that show themselves in absent-mindedness constitute a type, and, though many are absent-minded through wavering and indefinite thought, the types include a large proportion of the finest intellects the world has produced. All that is needed is care in drafting the right men to the right work, and, for each of us, care in dividing, as far as he can, his hours of abstraction and remoteness from the hours when he mixes with his fellows.

In each case we need to keep to the main road, and not wander into byways. The main road, in the study, is by way of individual thought, and allows us to be as absent-minded as we please, so long as it is a mark of mental activity; and the main road in the household and the world is by way of thought common to us all, and therefore excluding the absent mind.

The absent-minded woman is rare, and, when found, she is usually dreamily incompetent. Promptness, tact, wide-awake adaptability have been developed in woman by the minute character of her work; she must always be doing something present and exact. To be forgetful is to fail. What can be more admirable than the readiness of the hostess who, without appearance of effort, makes half a dozen ill-assorted people who happen to call simultaneously feel at home and entertained over a cup of tea? A blundering man whose business cares or private musings are always lying in wait to beguile him into forgetting what is going on around him would keep his attention to "the sticking-point" only by constant goading and effort, if he were to try to practise what appears so natural to the quick play of woman's wit. Yet there are strong reasons why he should relax and be attentive to little duties, and why the absence of mind caused by a recurrence to too-familiar thoughts should be fought against.

The abstraction that steals us away from the presence of our friends and sends us on casual quests after fugitive thoughts is seldom really effective; we bring back very little spoil from these mental ramblings. And this going back again and again to familiar problems prevents our having brain-rest.

Happy suggestions often come as by a flash, but solid work is done in the hours set apart for solid work, and the absent-minded man's untimely recurrence at chance moments to serious thought is very largely so much needless brain-wear when the rest and change of triviality are required. The man who moves about in the every-day world in a trance is usually working futile, fighting as one who beats the air, wearying himself by carrying his tools after he has left the quarry.

IT is not necessarily the amount of money which is spent on a dress that produces a good effect, for we all daily see ladies "clad in rich attire" whose appearance in the street provokes a smile, if not a shrug of the shoulders indicative of pity. All the silks and velvets, diamonds and pearls ever made or set are powerless to produce a good effect unless they are regulated by perfect taste—a thing which is a gift, and which very few women possess inherently.

PLAYING a man's part, we may come to see that suffering is an accident and not the substance of life, that evil is a shadow haunting certain portions of a pathway that is everywhere pervaded by a "kindly light;" we come to perceive that it is a man's part to empale natural contingencies within natural necessity, and, step by step as he advances, to enlarge his interference with Nature and augment his ascendency over her.

WE cannot be eyes and ears for another; we cannot think for him or act for him; we cannot carry him on our shoulders to any desired haven; nor, if we could, would it be any real blessing to him; but we can help him to stand on his own feet, to run his own course, to free himself from some of the trammels and hindrances which now obstruct his path.

CEASE from the antedating of your experience. Sufficient to to-day are the duties of to-day. Do not waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of the hour's duties will be the best reparation for the hours or ages which follow it. It is the measure of a man—his apprehension of a day.

THOSE who attain the topmost heights of excellence easily win the sympathy and admiration of the multitude, and in so doing prove that the same powers which have in them come into full bloom exist in the germ or in the bud in the minds of the many.

WHOEVER raises himself to a higher place in character, in intelligence, in industry, in health of body, in vigor of mind, and in fidelity to the best that he can discover is, in so doing, fulfilling a large part of the debt he owes to the world.

WITH rare exceptions, the men that are now honored and esteemed are the men that improved the golden season of their youth. They then diligently sowed the seed that has matured in a golden harvest.

EMERSON says that no one can be a master in conversation who has not learned much from women; their presence and inspiration are essential to its success.

WISE men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience, the most ignorant by necessity, and the beast by nature.

NARROWNESS of mind is often the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we can see.

THE world will pity you for what you lose rather than for what you lack.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. R. R.—Patience was first sung in London on April 23, 1881.

G. R. S.—We have files of the POST going back to 1821. For all that, we are obliged for the offer.

C. C. W.—Habitual coldness or numbness of the hands may be relieved by rubbing them for a short time in cold water, following with dry friction.

D. W. W.—Rancid butter is sometimes restored to its original sweetness by washing it first well with good fresh milk and afterwards with cold water.

S. W. W.—Victor Marie Hugo died on May 22, 1885; Victor Cousin in 1867; Henry W. Longfellow in 1882; William Cullen Bryant in 1878; Thomas Carlyle in 1881.

C. R. A.—1. Zinc can be scoured with great economy of labor, time and material by using either glycerine, stearine, naphthaline, or creosote mixed with dilute sulphuric acid.

A. H. F.—To make indelible writing fluid, to good gall ink add a strong solution of fine soluble Prussian blue in distilled water. This ink writes greenish blue, but afterwards turns intensely blue.

SALT.—The water of mineral springs is chiefly efficacious in that it supplies both salts and water to the blood in increased quantity. The salt tends to increase tissue-changes, and the greater supply of water hastens the excretion of the waste products which are thereby generated.

DELAWARE.—The peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fruity parts were used to poison arrows, and for that purpose were introduced into Persia. Transplantation and cultivation have not only removed its poisonous qualities, but turned it into the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

ALASKA.—It is now generally believed that in the glacial period, two hundred and fifty thousand years ago, the inhabitants of America traveled across from Europe on the ridge of land which extended from Europe to America, via the Orkney Islands, Iceland, and Greenland. No doubt this ridge has been submerged by some convulsion of nature.

ISIS.—The ancient Egyptians believed that the spirit of their greatest god, Osiris, dwelt among them in the form of a pure white bull marked by a certain sign. Herodotus mentions two of these signs—a black eagle on the back, and a black forehead with a square of white in its centre. These creatures, when found, were worshipped during life and mummified after death.

G. W. W.—To prepare natural flowers dip them in melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should only just be hot enough to maintain its fluidity, and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stalks and moved about for an instant, to get rid of the bubbles. Fresh-cut flowers, free from moisture, make excellent specimens prepared in this way.

S. F.—1. Water acidulated with a little fresh lemon juice will sometimes remove freckles of recent appearance. Apply with a fine towel every night before retiring, and let the acid mixture dry on the face. 2. The same application is good for flesh-worms. 3. Bathing in tepid water is recommended for making less conspicuous "black rings around the eyes." 4. Moles should not be disturbed.

SOUTH.—The eggs of the octopus, when first laid, are small, oval, translucent granules resembling little grains of rice, and not quite an eighth of an inch in length. They are attached to a common stalk, to which every egg is separately affixed, as grapes form part of a bunch. Each of these clusters contains about one thousand eggs, and a large octopus will produce from forty thousand to fifty thousand.

FRED H. M.—Leander was a youth of Abydos, who was very much attached to Hero a beautiful priestess of Venus at Sestos, and every night swam the Hellespont to visit her, while she directed his course by holding a burning torch on the top of a high tower, returning in the same way before morning. One tempestuous night, however, Leander was drowned, and Hero, in despair, threw herself from the tower and perished in the sea. The story is told in two of Ovid's "Heroides," and also in a poem by Musæus, a Greek poet.

MAUD CATHERINE.—We have no hesitation in pronouncing dissection of living dogs and other animals as wickedly hateful, and so far as very eminent medical men see, scientifically useless. The question of nerve power and other matters must await the solution of events rather than be settled—if it can be settled—by such continued cruelties. The practice is, we are afraid, of very long standing, and has been fiercely and even angrily defended by many doctors, who have failed, however, to prove its necessity.

SCIENTIA.—From the latest investigations that have been made into the subject, it would appear that the hollow of the Atlantic is not strictly a basin whose depth increases regularly towards the centre, but that it is rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the contour of its bed. Proceeding westward from the Irish coast, it is found that the ocean bed deepens very gradually—in fact, for the first two hundred and thirty miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile, though in the next twenty miles the fall is more than nine thousand feet, the sudden descent being so precipitous that depths of one thousand two hundred to one thousand six hundred fathoms are in many places encountered in very close proximity to the one hundred fathom line.

ONCE ONLY.

BY O. H. H.

Once only—thus it may chance—our love is dumb,
Withered, or slain.
Then once we cry to the heavens, "Shall it come
Not once again?"

Then roll the wearier years—the long cold years
Till the death-call
Whispers its half dreaded joy through mortal fears
Once, unto all.

Once only passeth the soul beyond life's prison,
Earth-chains to sever;
Once only breaketh the Day—and light is risen
Once, and for ever.

The Trinidad Treasure.

BY C. J. HYNE.

THERE may be others of the trade practising on this planet, but I don't think it. There are amateurs certainly, and mighty expensive and unprofitable their efforts have proved; but if there were another professional besides myself, I fancy his operations must have come to my ears. So I take it that I am the only man now living who makes an exclusive occupation of Treasure-hunting, and I am thankful for the monopoly. Competition wouldn't stimulate me.

The excitement of the chase is quite enough to string up my nerves to full concert pitch as it is; and in case of organized competition, I should promptly retire from business. There isn't enough lost and hidden treasure existent to make it worth while for men to work at it as systematic hunters.

My terms are these: An entirely free hand; all outlay prepaid; and eighteen per cent. of the proceeds in case of success. I was not brought up to the profession. Indeed, I invented it myself. Originally, I was in the wool business; had worked up to the grade of Continental and American traveler in Bradford manufactured goods; and was making fifteen hundred a year when I switched off into the new sphere. Perhaps it isn't so steadily profitable, but it's much more to my taste.

The first client I worked for was a woman, and it was she who first gave me an idea of turning Treasure-hunting into a regular expert business. We met on the Laconic coming East, from New York, and it was a tip from the head-steward and the purser which together combined to change my fate.

For a great wonder, I had no acquaintances on board; but there was a good looking girl who had caught my eye, and I backsheeshed the head-steward to fix matters so that I might be placed next her at table—accidentally. It was cheap at two dollars. Her name was Perugini.

We were in easy conversation before the entrees came. It was her first whiff of salt water, the weather was rough, and she was naturally proud of being one of the few to turn up at the first day's dinner. We chummed a good deal, Miss Perugini and I, and she stood in with me over two pools on the run, which brought us in a small matter of fifty dollars; but it was not till we were half-way across that we got on the treasure-hunting tack.

Then it was quite by accident. A Wall Street man, our vis-a-vis, who had that day put in his first appearance at luncheon, brought up the subject of Trinidad. Whilst lying on his back, he had been reading up a parcel of newspapers, and seemed anxious to give us a precis of their contents. He reeled off accounts of several lynchings, and some fires, and a yacht-race or two; and then touched a new topic.

"Another expedition to Trinidad, so I see by the World," he said. "The story of that buried treasure from Chili, or wherever it was, is a just elegant bait. The World says this makes the fourth gang of adventurers who have beaten a way out there, and landed through the surf and tried to realize those effects."

Miss Perugini laughed. "Four, sir? Say twenty-four, and you'll be nearer the mark. I guess only a few have written a history of their escapade: the majority concluded to go and come incognito. Their reason was mighty obvious. If they were successful, they would have to face the question of getting the treasure across the borders of some civilized State. It would not quite suit their ticket to sail into the Custom-house with such a cargo, and fill in a paper of origin; because Government claims would waltz in; and if the finders were given a few odd nickels for their pains, they might think themselves mighty lucky. On the other hand, if they were unsuccessful, I guess they could do for themselves all the ridicule they'd any use for without the newspapers chipping in to help."

When we had gone out upon the bridge deck, and were stowed in a couple of steamer-chairs which I had dragged under the lee of one of the boats, I tackled the subject again.

"You seem to know something about this Chilian treasure?"

"Probably more than any person alive, Mr. Clough. But to begin with, the treasure wasn't Chilian at all. It came from Lima, which is in Peru, in the days when Lima was called the City of Kings. At the beginning of this century that country was in revolution against Spain, and loot to the tune of twenty millions of your English pounds was gathered in the cathedral and churches, and shipped from Callao. Most of it fell into the hands of your Lord Cochrane and his squadron. But one schooner managed to give his ships the slip, and she ran south round the Horn, made upcoast, and then got wrecked on Trinidad, a small island seven hundred miles off the Brazilian coast. There her crew buried the treasure. Afterwards, they were taken off by a man-of-war, and because they couldn't give a good account of themselves, they were hanged as pirates. All, that is, with the exception of one boy, who was spared because he was young, but who afterwards became old, and on his death-bed told a Newcastle sea-captain about the spot where the treasure was buried. Directly and indirectly that boy is responsible for many fruitless expeditions. Adventurers went to Trinidad at much pains and cost, often looked in the right place, but none of them found the loot. And I guess they'd be pretty tearing wild if they knew why."

Miss Perugini raised her eyes to the greasy coils of reek which were coming out of the smoke-stack, and laughed.

"Wasn't it there?"

"Nossir. I guess every knob had been carefully toted away years before those later heroes put spade into the landslip which they say has swamped the cache."

"Then do you know where the stuff went to?"

"I ought to," she said slowly. "My own Grampa got it; and what's left belongs to me. Only thing is, I don't know where it's stowed away."

I stared at her in a good deal of astonishment, she still watching the smoke which billowed out from the furnaces below. Suddenly she turned her glance down and looked me squarely in the face.

"See here, Mr. Clough; I was warned against steamer-acquaintances; but I believe you're white. You did well for me in that pool deal, and you're a business man besides. Will you help me in something else? There's pretty nearly half a million dollars' worth of jewels hoarded up for me if I can find them. If they keep hid, I shall be about broke. I ante'd up all I'd left to get a saloon passage over here; and if that board doesn't show, I guess I shall have to go back to Virginia and roll cigarettes in Richmond for a living. That's not an unladylike employment, and the cigarette girls usually marry well. But I don't hanker after it: I guess I'd rather you found me that pile—on commission, of course."

"My dear young lady," I said, "as you mentioned just now, I'm a business man, and therefore you mustn't expect me to pin myself to anything in the dark. But if you care to explain further, and if I find that I can help you, why, then, I will with all the pleasure in life."

"That's sense; and I like you better for not jumping at once. See here, Mr. Clough, I'm going to begin telling you about my affairs right away, and then you can judge whether it's worth your while to stand in.

"Grampa was the first of our crowd to be mixed up with this treasure. He grabbed it, and he hid it. Grampa was an Italian, who found it convenient to live in the West Indian Islands because of political complications in other countries. He called himself a sculptor; but I fancy he wasn't much account of his trade.

"Father let on to me once he was one of those sculptors who tote round plaster hogs and cathedrals stuck to a soft-wood platform over their heads, and peddle them down side-blocks. That's what Grampa was. You see he was two generations back, so I don't mind telling you. Father's enough ancestry for me.

"Well, to go on; some pirates were hanged on one of the islands—Jamaica, I think it was—and Grampa and some other men got to know where they'd a big hoard put by; and after a bit he and three friends got a slip of a schooner and went over to Trinidad and dug it up.

"One of the lot was a Spanish padre, and I guess he must have got the secret from a scared pirate in the confessional, and found it too big to carry under his own girdle. But that doesn't matter. Grampa and the other gentlemen shared the news and got the treasure on to their schooner; and then their difficulties began.

"There was hardly a dollar of it in money: there wasn't a shin-plaster in notes. It was all in gold candlesticks, and jeweled crucifixes, and bars of silver, and goldsmiths' 'notions;' and if Grampa and his friends tried to negotiate boodle of that kind at a Custom-house, they knew they might anticipate trouble. You see, they were none of them gentlemen with unimpeachable connections: they were all more known than respected.

"Each had his own ideas as to the best course of procedure, and each put them forward with warmth. Whilst they were arguing, the padre tumbled overboard, and I fancy he must have had some lead put into him, which made him sink. So there were only three of them left to split the plunder—and, by way of preliminary, they picked all the jewels from their settings.

"Then they melted up all the saints and the crucifixes and ewers and other trifles into ingots, which would be far less easily sworn to. By which time, being fairly starved off the high seas, they put into St. Thomas' and revictualled.

"Getting safely out of there, they ran north across the Gulf, heading for Mobile, in Alabama, where Grampa had political friends; but I'm afraid they must have gone at the corn whisky too freely, because one night two of them woke up to find that the other had piled up the schooner. She was hard on a reef of coral near the Dry Tortugas at the end of Florida; and as they couldn't get her off, they sat down for a hand of poker to fill in time.

"The game was slow for a while, but it finished up excitingly. Grampa was lucky enough to deal both his friends fours at one time. That made them raise all they were worth; and when they found he held a royal straight, it was very natural that guns should come out.

"Grampa wasn't touched himself; but both his friends were hurt; and in consequence, when he took the small boat, with the bundle of jewels inside his shirt, and most of the gold under the floor-boards for ballast, neither of them could prevent him leaving them. But they said things as he rowed away which kinder put a scare into him after he'd got ashore, and cramped his future efforts.

"Perhaps that's why he didn't blossom out into a millionaire right away. As it was, he got to Charlotte Harbor, then to Tallahassee, and tried back at his old trade. For the next two years Grampa sculpted for all he was worth, and he peddled plaster saints and lapdogs till there wasn't an empty bracket left in all Florida or Southern Georgia. He just made that sculpture business boom.

"The dollars he made at this seemed to put confidence into him again; and at the end of those two years he worked North, and began to realize on his ingots. He did not do it all at once, you understand; and he didn't walk at the tail of a brass band whilst he was hawking those melted-up candlesticks and alms-dishes.

"Nossir; I guess Grampa was the most uncommunicative man in the United States whilst he was getting that gold off his hands. And even when it was gone, and represented only by stocks and shares and bankers' balances, he didn't feel easy. The thought of those two partners he'd left perforated on the schooner kinder haunted him. He felt America was too noisy for his nerves. So he packed his trunks and went to England, where he married and settled down. The gentleman who afterwards became my father was his only child."

"And in prosaic England," said I, "all danger naturally ceased?"

"Nossir. Grampa thought so, and that's where he made his big mistake. It was thirty years after that argument on the Florida coral reef that those gentlemen called on him; and because he wasn't ready for them, he got killed.

"After that, the rest of the family concluded to try the States. They weren't in very flourishing circumstances, because Grampa had spent up pretty clean all he'd made out of the gold. He'd never realized upon the jewels; but where they were stowed none of the family could discover. After the other gentlemen had knifed him, and he lay on the grass gasping, he tried to tell father all about it; but by the time he'd assured him that the stones were all close by and untouched, he was just through with this life, and couldn't communicate further. Father hunted, you bet; but the job was too big for him. He couldn't knock the bottom out of that cache; and when funds failed him, he concluded to run over to the States and recuperate. He took on the dry-goods line, but he never got much above clerking, and never had a chance of ferreting out that secret. I guess he wasn't much account at business.

"And now poor father's dead, Mr. Clough, and I'm his heiress, I guess the tangle's a bit too steep for me as well. So I come to you. If you've savvey enough to pull dollars out of an operation on steamer pools, I guess you can make this other mine pan out a good dividend, if you'll only put Try into the workings."

I shook my head. The story was interesting enough; but she had dropped not the vaguest clue as to where the jewels could possibly be stowed. One couldn't go and dig up the whole surface of England systematically. To begin with, people live on certain patches of it, and might resent having their castles and acres disturbed. I put this to Miss Perugini delicately.

"I," she replied dryly enough, "the loot was to be had for the picking up, I guess, sir, I should have gone and fingered it myself, and not asked anybody's help."

I laughed. "That's likely. But still, can't you bring the limits of the search a bit narrower?"

"Why, yes. I take it that the stones are hid somewhere on the place which my Grampa bought in Lincolnshire. In fact, he said that much before he died."

"Come, this is better already. And do you still own this estate? And, by the way, where is it?"

"Dangay Fen, near Boston. But it isn't mine now. Father sold it when he left for the States. He felt he needed capital to start on."

This was another facer. I'd a very elementary notion of the law of treasure-trove in those days; but I imagined if this hoard did by any chance turn up, it would either belong to the present holder of the soil, or else revert to the Crown. Indeed, so confident was I that the whole thing was a bubble, that I shouldn't have entertained it seriously for a moment ashore. But on the Atlantic steamer one acts differently. Time is apt to drag, and a fixed interest is a distinct boon—especially when there is a remarkably pretty girl linked with it, whose manners are to say the least of them piquant. So I asked her to describe this place which proved to be Dangay Fen, near Boston.

"Describe? I guess I can go better than that. Look here." She produced a bunch of photographs strapped with an india-rubber band. There must have been eighty of them. "A gentleman who was touring over in Britain last fall, took these for me."

Now, to tell the truth, it was these photographs and not Miss Perugini which gave me my first real deep interest in the pursuit.

On the run between Queenstown and Holyhead a light began to dawn upon me; and as the pilot took us up through the shipping and shoals of the Mersey beyond, I saw my way to making Miss Perugini a definite proposal of terms. But we had many talks together before it came to that. Photographs in hand we went over the estate of Dangay Fen inch by inch; and my first client told me how her father had rummaged the whole place from cellar to rafter; had sounded the walls and probed the bureaux; had raised floors and flagstones; had cut down and split the timber of the park, had wrenched the very roof-tiles from their lodgments.

He had even—in memory, I suppose, of the Persian monarch—drained the pond round the fountain in front of the house, in the vain hope of finding a concealed treasure-chamber beneath its weedy waters. But the floor of the pond was plebeian mud, and the effort was his last one. At that point he gave up the quest, and sought fortune dry goods-wise elsewhere, as has been already stated.

Now it struck me that father had been prosecuting his search upon an entirely wrong principle. He felt English himself, and he acted as though his worthy parent were an Englishman also. A man of England, if he wants to hide something valuable, would very naturally dig in the ground, or delve a hole in a tree, or burrow in the walls of his house, or hoist a particularly heavy hearthstone and grovel out with the tongs his hoarding-place under that. Englishmen are not apt to dabble in the finer niceties of imagination.

On the other hand, the average Italian

only to assist when it comes to the part of secreting, but in the plotting and planning part he will be very much all there. (I used to travel for my firm a good deal in Northern Italy, so I can speak appreciatively). Moreover, the original Signor Perugini of Trinidad, Jamaica, and elsewhere, was, as his grand-daughter frankly admitted, a violent professional conspirator. Finesse was part of his nature.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I began to see my way more clearly. As I proved many a time in my after-practices, it helps one vastly when you can gauge accurately the character of your hider.

I worked through the photographs again, putting myself in the standpoint of Perugini senior, arguing over each, and discarding one after another. I fined them down to half a dozen, then to three, and then, with a start, I found myself holding one of the prints, wondering why ever I had not thought of something before which came before me so vividly then. We were just making our number to the signal station on Holyhead when I told Miss Perugini that I fancied pretty strongly that I could locate her hidden treasure to a matter of eight or nine inches.

"Say," she exclaimed, "you mean that?"

"If things are as they were, and if the loot hasn't been relooted, I'm going Nap on what I told you."

"Mr. Clough," she observed, "you're just the nicest man I know."

There was delay after this, because I had to go to Bradford to report on business, and it was a week before I could slip away to Lincolnshire. Miss Perugini was at the Dangay Fen waiting for me; and as we dined together in the growing dark, we saw across the fenland the lamplight kindle in the windows of the Hall.

"There's only a caretaker in charge," she explained to me. "We won't disturb him if we can help it. We'll stay here till midnight, and then go."

"We?" I questioned. "My dear young lady, it wouldn't be proper at that time of night, and it mightn't be safe. You must stay behind."

I tried to say more on this point, but it was no use. Miss Perugini was firm—not to use a stronger word—and it ended in her coming with me.

We set out like a pair of poachers into a black moonless night, finding our way along the sloppy roads with a bull's-eye lantern. When it came to the point, excitement notwithstanding, I must confess I didn't like the job one little bit. It smacked so abominably of common midnight burglary. True, Miss Perugini was the real robber in intent, and I was only an agent; but that didn't absolve me from being an accessory before the fact. Moreover, I had not her incentive.

At last we came to the dividing dike of the estate, and hushed our voices as we crossed it on a railway sleeper. Gaunt willow trees whispered around us mournfully, and the ground beneath the coarse grass squelched under foot. The place had run very much to seed. Through two plantations we made our way and then across an acre of rank herbage which had once been a trim lawn. Beyond was the house, dark-windowed and silent, amongst straggling elms. Between us and it was a pond, whereon a green-slimed Venus upheld a feebly bubbling fountain.

It was a photograph of this last over which I had spent so many thoughtful hours on board the Laconic, studying its ill-balanced proportions from every point of view, gazing at it in detail through the magnifying lens of a ship's telescope. Why was it there, I had asked myself, this monstrous ill-shapen thing?

At first the answer seemed to be plain. I remembered the bent of the owner's mind towards statuary, and I remembered also how I had been told that "Grampa was no account as a sculptor." But by degrees I noticed that the chief thing which made the Venus look grotesque, was her pedestal. I drew other pedestals on paper, and set them beneath her; with each she looked many per cent. better.

Why, then, had she been set on this skimpy cylinder of stone an inch above the water's brim, which had originally been made to carry a water pipe and nothing more? Perugini senior, though a bad sculptor, would not be utterly ignorant of effect in statuary. The obvious answer seemed to be that the Venus was put up hurriedly, and never afterwards meddled with for fear of calling undue attention to her.

From that point to assuming that the gems were stowed within the goddess' ill-shapen curves was a short step. Granted this, other matters became plain which were otherwise unexplainable. Where were the jewels stowed during those two years in Florida and Southern Georgia, when the original Perugini went about in daily fear of his injured compatriots?

Where were they when he went North, getting rid little by little of these suspicious ingots of precious metal? And how were they smuggled untaxed beneath the eyes of the British Custom-house officer? And there were also other points which I will not bore you with, because on the data in these pages you can easily think them out for yourself.

There was no plank to be found near, and I was too scared, when it came to the point, to search far for one. So I stepped into the slime of the pond, and waded knee-deep across to the middle. I grasped the ill-shapen Venus by the neck, and the slop of water from her upraised hands splashed coldly into my face. Then I pulled and pulled, and at last she came reluctantly away, leaving one foot and some leaden tubing behind her. In my arms I carried her to the bank of the pond.

Then—there was a tinkle as of breaking pottery, and quick withdrawal of a kicking foot, and a blaze of rainbows shone in the glow of the lamplight. The jewels were there before us, reset in a white matrix behind the breasts of the Venus.

On our knees we crouched beside them, and quarried them out till none were left. With the gray breaking dawn, we passed the finely powdered dust of the Venus through finger and thumb, to make sure that not so much as a humble sapphire remained; and then we looked at the hoard, which sparkled in my handkerchief amongst the dewdrops on the grass blades. At a very rough guess there must have been the value of sixty or eighty thousand pounds lying there on the earth between us.

"I'm going to pick out the best diamonds to wear," said my companion, "because I'm an American woman and love diamonds. The rest of the stones shall go to Hatton Garden. My! won't I have a just elegant time when I get back to our country. Mr. Clough, I think you're just the cleverest gentleman I ever met, and if you'll come back to the house, I'll hand you over your commission right now."

Then she picked up my handkerchief by the four corners, and led the way back through the planting and over the railway sleepers to the road. As we walked back to the village, she told me more about Richmond (Virginia), but forbore all mention of the cigarette industry. She said the Richmond men were delightful, especially some of those who were of recent English importation, and worse off as regards mere dollars than some of their neighbors.

At this point, as we had reached the inn, I ventured to ask her if she had any particular one in her mind's eye; but that brought her back to business at once. We went into the cold smoky coffee room, and she counted out my commission there and then on the spot.

I have often wondered since, what did happen when Miss Perugini got back to Richmond, in the State of Virginia, with her fortune.

His Letter.

BY H. N.

HE was in that stage of convalescence when it seems so pleasant to live; when every one is kind and everything looks new, and the petty daily cares that haunt one in good health are silent and far off. He had been near enough to death to appreciate life; still, he did not wish to get better—at least, not too quickly. The languor of his illness was still upon him, and he was rather fond of being made much of.

There was another reason that made this slow convalescence so desirable, one that he hardly owned to himself as yet, but which was gradually making itself apparent and occupying a conspicuous place in his thoughts.

It came into his mind again this morning as he lay in bed lazily watching the pretty nurse while she made the room tidy, the chaos of bottles, glasses, and papers disappeared as if by magic as she moved about swiftly and noiselessly. He languidly admired the slight, graceful figure in its neat, gray uniform, the little golden tendrils of hair peeping from under the snowy-frilled cap, whose long white strings were tied in a bewitching bow under the soft, dimpled chin, the apron that fitted without a crease, and the spotless cuffs that severely bound her supple wrists.

Sometimes she turned a pair of roguish gray eyes on him with some laughing remark, that gave a glimpse of white teeth, and a charmingly curled lip; but he was fain to resent the fascination of her smile, nay, of her very presence, because it was too difficult to resist, and it had to be resisted.

When his mother came in and kissed him, laying a cool hand on his forehead, he blushed like a shame-faced schoolboy, wondering what the pretty nurse thought of this petting; for she was strict, and despised what she called the helpless sympathy of amateur nursing, caring only for the skill and danger of it.

And at the same time he became conscious that her opinion was altogether of too much importance to him. His anxiety to please her was growing daily, with all his strength of will he could not succeed in combatting it, and oh, he was so tired of trying—how he longed to yield to that overwhelming, mysterious fascination—to find out whether she cared for him. Her attention was unflagging, and looking back on the moment of consciousness that came at the crisis of his illness, he remembered that those sweet eyes were bent on him with an expression of almost wild anxiety, which, with the conceit of six-and-twenty he did not wholly attribute to the hospital nurse's interest in an exciting case. Yet she had never given him cause to think otherwise. Although she was always pleasant, and often merry, it was difficult to find out what she really felt, for she gave him no clue, avoiding any conversation about herself or her past life.

Sometimes he thought her shallow, and devoid of facts to communicate; at others he was sure she must be very deep to fence round his polite but insinuating little questions so adroitly. There was no mistaking the keen interest she took in his progress, and yet he often fancied she was sad about it too, as he was, and hugged this thought to his breast, as he sometimes lay awake, through the dreary hours of dawn, with the pretty nurse within call.

The necessity of curbing these fancies and impossible dreams became more apparent to him than ever, as his hand closed over the neat, gray envelope his mother laid before him, whispering, with an arch look, as she turned to go, "I will leave you alone now, dear."

As if being in the same room with that distracting little figure could be called alone! And somehow he did not wish her to see this note at all. He was almost glad, when, after a final pat to his pillow, the pretty nurse bade him laughingly "good-night," and retired to her matutinal couch, where, he fondly hoped, she sometimes dreamt of him. He opened the dainty missive sent to him by his betrothed.

"My dearest," she wrote, "now that you are getting well again, I shall expect to hear from you more often. Your mother has been very good to me in our mutual anxiety and trouble, writing news of you every day. Oh, my darling, I can never be grateful enough that you have been spared to me. Shall I ever forget the night I spent waiting for your mother's telegram when we thought you could not live! I knew then for the first time that I had been too happy. Blessed with the love of the best and truest man on earth"—he winced—"with dear parents and friends—with health and wealth, and everything my heart desired. I was too selfish, dear, to be grateful; I was not worthy of you, but God has made me worthy. That night of agony and prayer has humbled me to the dust. You are a thousand times more precious to me, my love, since I have feared to lose you. Be careful of your health now, for my sake, until I can take care of you altogether. As soon as your mother will let me, I will come to you."

The last words of his letter haunted him throughout the day; with the anticipation of this visit from her, came the vague, unformed fancy that she and the pretty nurse would not like each other, and this slow, mysterious, but intoxicating train of thought he had been allowing himself to glide into, would receive a rude shock—that he would rather they did not meet—that he would rather she did not come. The floating idea resolved itself into this at last, and he was horrified at the result of his cogitations.

The night he woke suddenly from a confused dream in which she came to him in a nurse's uniform and bade him a tearful good-bye, while the pretty nurse, in a familiar silk dinner-gown, elaborately trimmed, stood at the door and smilingly beckoned him away.

As he opened his eyes, by the carefully-screened soft light, he saw a figure kneeling at his bedside—it was the pretty nurse. Her face was hidden, but he knew the feathery golden hair, and the little, white, deft-fingered hands. All the elasticity and lightness seemed to have left her—it was a very humble little figure that knelt there—he longed to stretch out his hand and lay it gently on the bright hair, whispering words of gratitude for the prayer which he felt sure she offered on his behalf; but a fine and true instinct made him hesitate, for he thought he knew her well enough to understand that she, who strove to be so very ordinary and matter-of-fact by day, would be covered in confusion at being caught exhibiting this display of feeling for one who could never be anything more to her than a case. Perhaps too, the latent feeling of reverence that even the worst of men have for a woman's prayer kept him from breaking in upon that pure and holy communion with God.

So he feigned sleep, till she softly rose from her knees; then, as he remembered the despair of her attitude, and the nearness of their parting, his eyes grew bright, his cheeks flushed, and tender thoughts rose from his inmost heart and hovered on his tongue, but, even as he stretched out his hand to detain her at the bedside, he touched a little, gray envelope hidden in the folds of the coverlet—and was silent.

* * * * * *

The days lengthened, and the air was full of sweet scents and sounds. Still rather pale and languid, he sat at his bureau one morning trying to infuse a lover-like tenderness in his answer to one of those affectionate, half-dreaded epistles, he received nearly every day. Distracting visions of gray eyes, white bows, and straying golden hair, danced before him when he bent over the blank, staring page, absently biting the top of his pen: and, below the mechanical thoughts he was about to express, lay a deep feeling of shame and pity that it should be so difficult to write to her in the old strain.

He knew, or thought he knew, his heart at last, but, though there was still time to remedy his mistake, even at the cost of a noble, passionate love, he shrank from the avowal that should destroy the idol she had raised on a pedestal of vows and kisses, and pictured vividly the cold looks of his family when they heard of an action, that his mother, who looked forward to his alliance with the beautiful and wealthy heiress he had chosen, would never forgive.

He had discussed it all with that second self to whom all actions, good or bad, are laid bare, and decided that this chapter of his life should be ended with the ending of his illness; and yet, his eyes would rove towards the garden seat on which the pretty nurse sat sewing with a background of bright blossoms, and a soft grassy carpet under her feet. There was no doubt that she had been fretting lately; she looked pale, and there was a hard line in her forehead as she bent over her work. He threw down his pen impatiently as he watched her, pleased yet sorry that the coming separation made her seem so sad. A sob rose in his throat as he thought of the morrow—there was no longer any excuse for her to stay, and yet no—no, he could not bear to let her go!

And as he leant wearily back in his chair, the pretty nurse, believing herself alone and unseen, did a very strange thing for such a wise and practical little person, she threw down her work, regardless of needle and thread, and burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

His first impulse was to rush out, and clasp her in his arms, pouring into her ears the story of his overwhelming love, but he dared not approach her, fettered as he was; so, cursing his vacillating heart that had failed to decide before, what was dearest and best to him on earth, he resolved to end his own indecision, and the pretty nurse's trouble.

"When you read this confession," he wrote to his betrothed, with a shaking hand, "I beg you to remember that it pains me to write, as much as it will you to read. When I asked you to be my wife, before Heaven, I loved you better than any woman in the world, and I never meant to change, but now there is some one else, I could not accept your pure heart feeling this, and I knew you would rather have the truth. The knowledge has come to me so slowly, that I could not hint at it before; perhaps I shrank from doing so; you must believe the best of me. I will not dare to excuse myself. For breaking our engagement, I ask you to forgive me, without venturing to hope for your forgiveness, and I ask you to forget me, knowing that you are worthy of a better love than mine."

With his mind in a tumult of doubt and misgiving, he dropped this incoherent and ungrateful epistle into the gaping, scarlet slit in the wall, a little way up the

road, and saw it gathered carelessly among a heap of missives, merry and sad, and thrust into a long brown bag that the punctual postman promptly shouldered, locking the box with a clanking key, and, he thought, making a great deal of unnecessary noise. As he walked into the garden, his heart beat high with hope and longing.

The pretty nurse had resumed her sewing, and as he took the vacant place beside her, he saw that the curled lashes were still wet. They sat together for a space in silence too eloquent for words. At last he said, with a delicious feeling of power:

"Will you give me a promise?"

She answered lightly, and without raising her eyes.

"Not unless it is easy to keep."

"You shall decide that," he went on, breathlessly. "You brought me back to life again; but I can't value it, unless you will share it with me, my darling! And catching her unwilling hand, he covered it with kisses

"Please stop," said the pretty nurse, with flushed cheeks, as she disengaged her fingers from his warm clasp, "there is altogther some mistake. I have been engaged to be married for some time; and, I heard that you were also; your behavior is therefore quite unaccountable."

Her words struck chill on his heart, and, though he hastened to assure her of his freedom, her manner, even more than her declaration, showed him that she did not love him. Her indifference had been real then, and not assumed, increasing with his convalescence.

He sat there, quite stunned by the discovery.

The pretty nurse stole one or two sympathetic glances at him, and then, thinking he would rather bear his disappointment alone, gathered up her work and left him. She smiled to herself, wise little woman that she was, at the infatuation which seemed so very sincere and incurable—at present.

It was a long time before he knew that he was alone. The struggle in his breast was bitter; but he conquered in the end, and was astonished to find that his pride had suffered more than his love, the feeling of pique being paramount in his heart. As he recovered slowly, but surely, reviewing the past and the present the remembrance of the letter to his betrothed—even now on its way—came on him like a thunderbolt. He sprang up, feeling that it must be intercepted at all hazards, and the fire of his determination left him no time for brooding.

As he hurried towards the house, intent on starting for a certain hall in a western county, a gentle hand was laid on his arm.

"Can you spare me a minute?" said the pretty nurse's sweet and joyous voice. "I feel so happy that I must tell some one—at last I have got the news for which I have wept and prayed."

"Wept and prayed!" he echoed, as if in a dream.

"Yes; he" (how tenderly she sounded the little word) "Writes that he has got the appointment for which we have waited so long, and we are starting for India next month. Congratulate me!"

He took her two hands in his, and looked into her beautiful eyes without answering.

They stood together, under a flowery arch, about which there was an incessant hum of bees. In after years he never heard that buzzing murmur without thinking of the pretty nurse's last words.

"I will forgive you," she said, very softly, "for asking me to be your wife when you have pledged your word elsewhere. Perhaps the time will come when you will thank me for my unkind answer, when you are ashamed of the short-lived dream for which you were prepared to sacrifice your duty, the hopes of your family, and the love of a noble and constant woman. Go to her at once, and make amends for your wayward heart, the more because she does not know its weakness. And now, good-bye."

In another hour he was in an express train, whirling away from the seductive dream to the sweet reality. The pretty nurse's voice still rang in his ears. How right she was after all! He recalled his mother's tender anxiety as he came away, hardly calmed by the clumsy excuse he had given for his haste, and was glad he had not disappointed her. He thought of an autumn day last year on which he had taken a solemn vow and sealed it with a kiss, and almost felt the slight, yielding figure in his arms, and the happy tears on his cheek, and his face grew hot as he remembered the real nature of his errand, and pictured the honest, unquestioning acceptance of the excuse with which he intended to account for his impromptu visit. He knew the letter would not be delivered till the morning, and trusted to fate to obtain and destroy it before it reached her hands.

He despised himself for the first time in his life, as remorseful, unwelcome thoughts came crowding in upon his already confused and excited mind, till, worn out bodily and mentally, from sheer weariness he fell into a broken sleep in which he saw the strange vision of a well-known, beautiful face that looked sadly down at him from a clouded sky, whispering, "Wayward heart, good-bye!"

And as he heared the end of his journey, the old, sweet yearning to see the face of his betrothed came over him. It spurred him up the dark, lonely road, through the tall gates, to the very doors of the hospitable old mansion that opened wide to receive him.

There was a loud hubbub of welcome, a swift footstep, a little, joyous cry, and then a deep silence in the lamp lit hall as he took her, trembling and speechless, into his arms.

She had no words of welcome for him, but her eyes spoke, and he understand.

Before the loving clasp was loosened, his heart had passed out of danger and into safe keeping, and the past was no more.

As they sat together, later in the evening, in a favorite nook, she said innocently:

"And now, my dearest, tell me what awful presentiment made you rush down here to see me when you were scarcely fit to be out of your room?"

The letter weighed heavily on his conscience as he replied:

"I feared to lose you; don't ask me any more. I am glad of the omen, since it meant nothing, and brought me to you a little sooner.

He tenderly returned the soft pressure of her hand, trembling as he recalled the cruel, written words and their ruthless power. For a moment he was tempted to tell her the truth, and place himself at her mercy; but he had not the heart to wound her implicit trust, and dreaded the confession.

He tossed and turned throughout the night, sick with anxiety, dreading yet longing for the morning, hoping, doubting, and planning with wakeful weariness till just before the dawn of the day that was to decide his destiny.

He awoke from his restless slumber with a start; it was nearly eight o'clock.

Haggard and unrefreshed, he hurried on his clothes, and quickly traversing the garden, reached the great gates, just as the postman came in sight. The coast was clear, and his heart beat madly at the thought of being released from this horrible, pursuing vengeance, when a silvery laugh sounded near him.

She stood there in her pretty, belted gown, with her hands full of dewy, fresh-gathered flowers.

"Whither so early, pray?" she asked, noting with anxiety his pallor, and the dark circles round his eyes. "You should not come out when the mornings are so chilly. Ah, here comes the postman! What has he brought me, I wonder?"

They stretched out their hands together. She merrily curious; he with set teeth and pale as death. As luck would have it, she dropped her flowers just as the postman held out the bundle of missives addressed to the hall, and as she stooped almost involuntarily he forgot his gallantry for once, and, seizing the packet, hastily drew out the easily recognized, fatal letter, crushing it in his hand with a muttered "Thank God!"

When he helped her to pick up the scattered blossoms, she noticed the trembling of his hand, and said pityingly:

"How weak you are still! Your nurse should not have let you come away," she added softly, as they walked slowly towards the house.

"She advised me to come, and she knew what was right," he answered, looking fondly into the sweet, serious face beside him.

"I owe her a debt I can never repay," whispered his betrothed, innocently wise, "for giving you back to me."

She offered him a posy of the fragrant white blossoms she had been gathering. And he kissed the flowers that had saved him.

Hicks—There was a burglar at my house last night—completely cleaned us out. Dix—You don't say so! Didn't he leave anything? Hicks—Well, yes; he left the kitchen window open.

Have you ever tried Dobbins' Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get one bar of your grocer, and see for yourself why it is praised by so many, after 28 years steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

MAN'S DAILY BREAD.

IT is a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. Here, wheaten bread is within the reach of all, and takes its place so readily as man's natural food, that rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, only the inhabitants of a small portion of the earth's surface enjoy such a food.

It is only, however, during the last century that wheaten bread has become altogether general in England; for Eden, in his State of the Poor (written in 1797), says, referring to Cumberland, "It was only a rich family that used a peck of wheat in the course of the year, and that was used at Christmas."

If visitors came at other seasons, they were regaled on thick oatcake. But about that time, English laborers in the Midlands and in the South began to refuse to eat common bread—made of wheat, rye, barley, in equal proportions—saying they "had lost their rye teeth;" and they demanded wheaten loaves instead.

A century earlier than this, barley and rye bread were always eaten. Charles I. speaks of the "poorer sort of people whose usual bread was barley."

But although, at the present day, wheat is used across the mid-temperate zone, in more northerly districts, and in some parts of Germany, rye replaces it. Rye bread is less nutritious than wheaten, and has a more distinctive flavor.

The well known German "Pumpernickel" is rye bread. Although at first its dark color and sour curious taste render it unpalatable to most folk, yet if compelled to eat it for a short time, they acquire a distinct liking for it. In the remoter parts of Sweden, the poorer people only make and bake their rye cakes twice a year, and store them away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Farther north still, barley and oats become the chief bread corn. But it is in the bleak barrenness of the far North that the ingenuity of man steps in to provide himself with bread.

In dreary Lapland, men would starve did they trust altogether to grain; so they eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of the pine; and the two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes, cooked in a pan over the fire, and thus form very good bread.

In more dreary Kamchatka, the pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread-food. Bread-and-butter to a young Kamchatkian is represented by dough of pine-bark spread with seal fat—not a very appetising combination, to our notions. And not only the bark of the pine is thus utilised for food; the dwellers in certain parts of Siberia cut off the young and tender shoots, and grind them down to form their flour. One imagines that the bread therefrom must have an unpleasantly resinous flavor.

In Iceland, even the hardy pine is wanting; but the Icelander declares "that a bountiful Providence sends him bread out of the very stones." He scrapes a lichen—the Iceland moss—off the rocks, and grinds it into fine flour, which serves him both for bread and puddings, and also as a thickening for his broth. Thus, truly, has stern experience taught him to live where most would starve.

In the sterile parts of Russia, China and other Eastern countries, buckwheat—the seed of the plant—is pressed into man's service. It makes a fairly palatable bread, although its dark, somewhat violet tinge creates a prejudice against it.

As we pass from the mid-temperate zone southwards, we find new bread materials appearing. In parts of Italy and Spain, chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal, and used both for making bread and thickening soup.

Millet is a grain of much service in the south of Europe; while certain varieties known as "durra" and "sorghum" furnish a very white flour, making capital bread, to the natives of India, China, Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor. Millet has a further interest for us because it is credited with being the earliest grain used in the art of bread-making, an art so ancient that its origin is lost in obscurity. The most primitive bread was simply a tough paste made by mixing flour, water, and milk, such paste serving as bread even at the present day in the caravans traversing the deserts of Northern Africa.

Rice is another grain whose serviceableness in this respect has been recognized from a very early date. Solomon's well-known saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days," is generally believed to refer to rice.

At Home and Abroad.

It is said that 1000 head of cattle perished in Stanton county, Kansas, lately.

The Dutch are not fond of lazy people, and they have a very good way of curing persons who can but won't work. If a pauper who is able to work refuses to do so, they put him in a cistern to which a pump is attached and turn on a stream of water. This stream flows into the cistern just slow enough to enable the lazy person by lively pumping to keep the water from getting up over his head.

The Rev. Mr. Fairbank, an American Board missionary in India, writes: "My touring has been much facilitated by a bicycle, which I was enabled to purchase through the kindness of friends in America. Whole villages turn out to see the 'foot carriage.' Some are much astonished at the speed of the machine. Others think I ought to go much faster, and frequently while going along quietly I hear men say: 'Now, brace up, let us see what you can do.' I am frequently asked whether the propelling power comes from my feet or my hands. Whatever I go I find plenty of people willing to come and listen to my preaching if they can only catch a glimpse of the horse that needs neither grass nor gain."

In the case of Marshall Price, under indictment in Denton, Md., for the murder of a school girl, the authorities, it is said, have been unable to discover a motive for the crime, and the prisoner's counsel, taking advantage of this fact, proposes to base upon it a contention that the crime was primarily the result of hypnotic suggestion. To thoughtful minds which have inclined to view the whole business of hypnotism with mistrust, or at least as a ready vehicle for charlatanry, the idea of investing it with legal status will seem very ridiculous. But the attempt will be seriously made wherever cases of a sufficiently mysterious nature shall afford a plausible occasion for resort to it. Hypnotism is fast presenting a condition of criminal jurisprudence of which Courts and Legislatures will be bound to take cognizance.

An instance has been cited at Towson of the purchase in the days of slavery in Maryland of a slave by his wife, who was a free woman. The colored man in question, whose name was Elijah, was owned by a Mr. Dimmett, and worked as a teamster for the Rev. John R. Keech, who at that time lived near Fallston, in Harford county, and was Rector of churches in that county and in Baltimore county for about 40 years. After being purchased by his wife Elijah was, of course, free, but he continued for some time to work for the Rev. Mr. Keech. He was paid $10 a month for his services and was also given his board. The first year after being free Elijah did not draw any of his wages until the end of the year, and he then drew the $120 all in a lump. It was a large sum of money for him to have, and he was very proud of it, as before his purchase by his wife his wages were paid to his owner.

Joseph Alexander, now living with relatives in Newburg, N. Y., was 91 years of age last January, but is in fine health and in full possession of all his faculties. He has voted for 18 Presidents, and has lived under the Administration of all but two, Washington and John Adams. He delights in writing, frequently sending long letters to his many friends. Last February, in a heart-shaped design on a sheet of paper 2½ by 2 inches, he drew a circle the size of a 10 cent piece. Then with a pen he wrote the Lord's Prayer within the circle and the whole of the 103d Psalm in the heart-shaped space. And when in Washington recently he wrote on a piece of paper the size of a postal card matter containing 12,000 letters, besides the Lord's Prayer in each of the four corners. This remarkable piece of work for such an old man has been placed in the Smithsonian Institution. His reminiscences of his career, which has been an eventful one, are exceedingly entertaining.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Our Young Folks.

THE DONKEY THAT WOULD GO.

BY E. E. G.

THE way we got to know that family was by challenging them to play a cricket-match."

The lady looked down at the small girl and smiled.

"So you are Daisy?" she cried.

"How did you know?" said the small girl. "Yes, I'm Daisy," she went on, without waiting for the lady to answer—"I'm Daisy: but it's not much use trying to remember, because there are so many of us—eleven, counting Christopher Columbus, the dog, you know—and of course we always do count C. C."

The lady smiled again.

"Do you know that family?" asked the little girl. "There are only two of them, a big one and a little one. The little one is jolly, but the big one——"

"Is the little one's cousin," said the lady quickly. "There is only one in that family."

"Why, how ever do you know?" said Daisy.

At that moment "the little one," a small boy, came running towards the lady, shouting at the top of his voice—

"Mother, mother! there you are at last!"

Daisy looked up at the lady shyly.

"So you are Allan's mother?" she said.

"Have you come to take me for my donkey ride? May Daisy come too? She knows all about donkeys, and says I shan't be frightened, though Cecil says I shall."

Allan stopped at last for want of breath. But his mother's answers were entirely satisfactory; and when Daisy had asked permission of her mother, and Cecil had joined the party, they all, including C. C., set out.

Allan had been talking of this donkey ride for many weeks, and he was most eager for the promised ride, in spite of the fact that every time the subject was mentioned his cousin Cecil asked him "if he were quite sure he would not be frightened."

"Daisy must ride first," said Allan. But Daisy declared that she would not ride first; she had so many donkey rides. So Allan was lifted on to the donkey's back.

"We shan't need a boy, aunt," said Cecil. "I can hold Allan on. Of course he'll be frightened."

"He won't be frightened," said Daisy, very indignantly.

Allan was not frightened; but he certainly looked rather astonished when the donkey started off.

"He don't walk straight; he walks from side to side, and it makes it so wobbly," he said.

"Of course; that's jolly," said Daisy promptly.

"Oh!" said Allan.

"Don't you like it?" asked his mother. "Would you like to jump off, and let Cecil have a ride?"

"I shall gallop when it's my turn," said Cecil.

"I think I should like to trot," said Allan.

"Do, it's lovely," said Daisy. "I'll make C. C. bark, and then the donkey will trot."

She called to the dog, and began to run herself, and the donkey started off at a gentle trot.

Allan's mother had to walk quickly to keep up with them, but Cecil strolled along with his hands in his pockets.

"Don't you like it?" said Daisy.

"I think I almost like walking better," said Allan, "though it is very nice. You can have a ride now, Cecil, if you like."

"I knew——" began Cecil.

"He wasn't," said Daisy.

"Now, Cecil," said Allan's mother, "it's your turn, and I don't think I'll come with you. I will sit down on a seat, and wait until you come back."

"Perhaps it would be as well," said Cecil. "I shall gallop all the way. I can ride."

"I'll keep up with you," said Daisy, "to catch you if you fall."

After a great deal of bother and fuss, as arranging the saddle, and lengthening the stirrups, Cecil mounted the donkey.

"Good-bye, everyone," he said. "I'm off for a good gallop."

But the donkey was not of the same mind. Cecil was heavy, and the donkey did not wish to gallop with a heavy boy on its back.

"Gee-up! Gee-up!" cried Cecil, jerking the reins.

Daisy began to laugh, for, instead of galloping, the donkey stood quite still.

"You are too heavy, Cecil," said his aunt. "Let Daisy ride."

"Don't hit him," said Allan; "he's a very good donkey."

"Now then, C. C.," whispered Daisy to the little dog; and Christopher Columbus, who was longing for another run, began to bark very energetically.

The donkey started forward at a sharp trot, and Cecil was nearly tipped off its back. He pulled the reins hard.

The donkey turned quickly, and instead of galloping along the Parade, started off across a field towards a little narrow lane.

"Hurrah!" shouted Daisy, running after it. "Come along, Allan. Cecil can ride, after all. I thought he was only boasting."

Another small dog joined Christopher Columbus, and away they ran at the donkey's heels, barking vigorously.

Allan and Daisy were soon left far behind: but C. C. was having a fine run, and was enjoying himself. Two other dogs joined the chase, and the donkey, thoroughly roused, galloped away faster and faster.

Daisy lost sight of it altogether as it turned a corner, and she threw herself down on the grass to wait for Allan.

"Oh, Allan!" she said, as the small boy sat down beside her, panting, "he must be having just the loveliest, beautifullest, splendidest ride that ever was."

"If he hasn't tumbled off," said Allan, soberly.

"Tumbled off!" cried Daisy. "A big boy like that tumble off! Nonsense! He said he could ride."

"Well, come on, and let's see what has happened," said Allan.

"We shall meet him riding back," said Daisy.

But they did not meet Cecil on the donkey. They met the three little dogs returning from the chase, and at last, in the distance, Daisy's sharp eyes caught sight of C. C., not running, but walking. When he reached them he seemed unhappy, and whined for Daisy to pick him up in her arms.

"Cecil must have hurt himself," said Daisy. "Something must be wrong. What is the matter, C. C.?"

"I'll go and fetch mother," said Allan; "and you go to Cecil."

Daisy accordingly began to run in one direction, while Allan quickly went off in the other.

Right at the bottom of the lane she met Cecil, leading the donkey.

"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" she shouted.

Cecil did not answer, but walked slowly to meet her, looking very white.

"Did you fall off?" asked Daisy.

"Fall off? Of course not," said Cecil.

"Why, the reins are broken," said Daisy. "Now then, C. C., keep still."

Christopher Columbus was wriggling, trying to get out of Daisy's arms; and when at last he managed to get free, he ran on ahead.

"What is the matter with C. C.?" said Daisy.

"Let him go, he's a horrid little dog!" said Cecil.

"What did you do to him?" demanded Daisy, indignantly.

But by this time they had reached the field, where they met Allan and his mother.

"Are you hurt, Cecil? Did you fall off?"

Those were the first questions.

"Of course I didn't fall off," said Cecil, crossly. "Do you want Daisy or Allan to ride, aunt?" he added quickly, as if anxious to change the subject. "If you don't, I'll take the donkey back."

"I'll come with you, then," said his aunt, who saw that something had happened, and thought that perhaps Cecil would tell her when they were alone.

"I'll go home with Allan," said Daisy, "and we'll take C. C.;" and she called the dog.

Christopher Columbus ran to meet her as soon as he saw that Cecil was out of the way.

"Well," said Daisy, as soon as Cecil and his aunt were out of hearing,—"well, Allan, I wonder what happened?"

"I should think he was——"; and then Allan whispered one word in Daisy's ear, and Daisy nodded her head solemnly.

"So should I," she said.

"Perhaps he'll tell mother all about it," said Allan.

"C. C. knows all about it," said Daisy, "and he knows that C. C. knows all about it. C. C. won't go near him. C. C. has found him out; but then C. C. always does find things out."

Two men at work at the end of the lane were laughing and chatting. "He looked as white as a ghost, and he was screaming 'Help! Help!' And he was a big young gent too," said one man.

"And the donkey wasn't going particular fast, neither," said the other.

GEESE AND FOX.—Of course you know that people generally turn those words the other way round. It is the fox that is wise and the geese that are silly. Yet I expect you all remember the old story of the geese saving Rome, and being allowed to live happily ever after, without dread of cook or fire.

Here is a true story of some wise geese that lived in Lincolnshire not long ago. It happened one day that a fox was prowling about a ferm-yard, in hopes of being able to do like the one in the nursery rhyme—

"Says he, We're in luck!
Here's a good fat duck,
With its legs hanging dangling down, oh!"

But the Lincolnshire fox was not full-grown, and was not as wise as the other one you have heard of. He crept along by the side of the walls, and waited for the ducks to come out and be gobbled up.

Suddenly he heard a terrible noise. A flock of splendid geese came up from behind him, and they were quite close before he understood what all the fuss was about.

"What are you after, you wicked fellow?" hissed the biggest goose, putting her head so near Mr. Reynard's that he might easily have bitten it off, if he had pluck enough.

Then they all started calling him names, in goose language, for daring to try to catch their cousins, the ducks. The fox was so frightened, that he could do nothing but show his teeth, and then turn round and run away. He meant to go home, but he earned the fate he deserved. A gentleman, who had watched the whole scene, shot the coward before he had gone many yards.

Now I will tell you another story of a goose, which is just as true as the last, but even stranger.

One day, a big dog saved a goose from being killed by a fox. Although she was only what is called a silly goose, she had a very grateful heart, and from that day she always stayed with the dog, only leaving his kennel when she was hungry and had to get her food. If it rained, the dog would let his strange friend come inside his kennel, but at other times she was only allowed to remain outside.

The goose soon became as good a guardian of the yard as the great dog was. If the dog saw a stranger, and began to bark, the goose would cackle as loudly as she could, and run at the intruder, trying to bite his heels. One day the dog was taken ill; then the goose would not leave him at all. She stayed by the kennel night and day, and would not even go away to get food; so the master put a pan of corn close to the kennel on purpose for her. But the dog died, and the poor goose came to a sad end, for when another dog arrived to take care of the place, she ran up to him, thinking he would be as kind as her old friend; but, unfortunately, he did not understand, and he killed her at once.

I could tell you another tale, about a gander that used to take his blind mistress to church, but I have not room. I think I have told you enough to prove that geese are not always as silly as some people seem to think. E. M. W.

BOAT-BUILDING.—A new material is being employed for the building of boats and canoes. It is called 'linenoid,' for its basis is linen, which, after being softened into a pulp, is shaped over a form and afterwards rendered waterproof. There are no seams or joints in a boat made of this material, and the whole structure is said to be of the flexibility of metal, while at the same time it is very light. The keel and other parts where strength is requisite are made of ash or oak, and where metal is necessary, gun-metal or brass is employed. From a description of the boat which we have consulted, we think it would be fair to describe such a vessel as consisting of a skeleton of wood covered with an outer skin of the new material.

"HULLO, Benso! Here again! I have met you in this restaurant every day this week taking your dinner. Is your wife away from home?" "No. She had been reading a work called 'Practical Housekeeping,' and she is now trying to keep a family of three on two dollars a week. I have no doubt she will succeed, but it costs me fifty cents a day at this restaurant."

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The pantomine was introduced in 1702.

Crows were anciently employed as letter-bearers.

The church spire originated about the eleventh century.

Rome has a population of something like 450,000 inhabitants.

Fashion plates came in during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

The Shah of Persia has a pipe valued at $250,000. This is the most costly smoker on record.

Two thousand patents have been taken out in this country on the manufacture of paper alone.

The Queen has ordered that in future no bearing reins are to be used on her horses at Windsor.

Japan is to celebrate its victories by an Eiffel tower, erected, however, as a private enterprise.

By the last census Missouri had 234,-865 citizens of foreign birth, out of a population of 2,679,184.

The use of the wedding ring is first noted in Egypt, when the ring was the emblem of eternity.

The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing for it by night as poaching.

Empress Eugenie has nearly completed her memoirs, which are not to be published until after her death.

The destructiveness of a new Gatling gun may be imagined when it is stated that it fires 3,120 shots a minute.

One variety of india-rubber tree has leaves of the deepest green, each provided with a narrow border of very bright red.

The telephonic communication has been successfully established between Melbourne and Adelaide, a distance of 500 miles.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows everyone in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

The kangaroo readily leaps from sixty to seventy feet. The highest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet; of a man, twenty-five feet and a half inches.

The difficulty of registering the temperature at the bottom of the ocean is due to the fact that at great depths the thermometers are crushed by the pressure.

Auber, the composer, was pleasant enough to the people whom he allowed to see him, but he was about as hard to obtain an audience with as the Czar of Russia.

The first notice of the use of coal is in the records of the Abbey of Petersborough, in the year 850 A. D., which mention an item of twelve cartloads of "fossil fuel."

When sound can go in only one direction it travels far. An old well at Carlsbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, is 182 feet deep. On a still day a pin can be heard to strike the water.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had all her children taught knitting when they were very young, declaring that she wished them always to be able to do something.

In some parts of Mexico, the party in power maintain their positions by throwing into jail their political opponents on the eve of an election. When the election is decided, the disfranchised are released.

Cesare Lombroso, the well-known Italian criminologist, is trying to prove that genius is madness. He began by writing tragedies at the age of 13, but studied medicine and latter became a specialist in mental diseases.

In Austria, at the present day, the public executioner wears a pair of new white gloves every time he is called upon to carry out a capital sentence. The Austrian official takes off the gloves directly the hanging has been carried out.

The German Emperor's imperial train cost $750,000, and took three years to construct. There are altogether twelve cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted up with a bath.

According to a publication of the patriotic hereditary societies of the United States, Binney & Ronaldson, type-founders, of Philadelphia, first began to manufacture the dollar mark in 1797; and it was in the same year that the mark first appeared in the ledger of the firm.

Dates, with the addition of water, afford by distillation a very ardent spirit, which, as it does not come within the prohibition of the Koran against wine, is much used in some of the Mohammedan countries, and answers the same purposes as brandy or malt liquors in this country.

Count Tolstoi's latest work, which has just appeared, is called "Master and Man." It is a story of Russian village life, telling of the struggle in the mind of the master, lost in the snow with his man, against the temptation to abandon his helpless companion, for whom he at last gives his life.

RACHEL.

BY T. FERGUSON.

At length, O love, I give myself to you;
Now you possess me, who have waited long
And patiently. But I have waited too,
And suffered much through all the shame and wrong
That have divided us. Our love was strong.
But now, alas! I am no longer fair
Nor worthy of you. Look upon my face;
You see white lilies where the roses were;
Wan sorrow everywhere has left its trace.
Forgive me, dear, and send me quite away!
What has this worn and wasted woman here
To give for love like yours? What did you say?
That all these years she has but grown more dear?
Ah, God has heard the prayers I used to pray!

SIGNALS OF MOURNING.

Flag at half-mast: The custom of flying a flag at half-mast high as a mark of mourning and respect arose out of the old naval and military practice of lowering the flag in time of war as a sign of submission. The vanquished always lowered his flag, while the victor fluttered his own flag above it from the same staff.

Tolling the church bells: This custom on the death of a distinguished person arose out of the passing bell formerly tolled in the parish church the moment any member of the congregation passed away, to invite the prayers of all the other parishioners for the repose of his soul, and also to drive away wicked spirits, who could not bear to hear the sound.

The black cap: "Why does the Judge in a criminal court assume the black cap when pronouncing the sentence of death?" is a question frequently asked. This is because covering the head from the earliest times has been regarded as a sign of mourning. Numerous examples of this occur in the scriptures, in the classics and in modern literature.

The black flag: This flag, hoisted upon prison walls as a signal that the last sentence of the law has been carried out, was first employed by Tamerlane, Khan of the Tartars, in the fourteenth century.

The mourning colors of different nations: These colors are not devoid of meaning. Black is the accepted color throughout Europe. It expresses the solemn midnight gloom, the total deprivation of light and joy on account of the loss sustained. In Shakespeare's time the stage was draped with black during the performance of a tragedy. This accounts for the opening line in his Henry VI., "Hung be the heavens with black," the heavens answering to our borders and flies. White is the emblem of hope, the Chinese color of mourning. The ladies of Rome and Sparta dressed in white during the period of mourning.

Prior to the year 1498, when Anne, Queen of Charles VIII., of France, surrounded her coat-of-arms with black drapery and dressed herself in black on the death of her husband in opposition to the prevailing custom, widows in England, France and Spain generally adopted white mourning. Mary, Queen of Scots, received the name of the White Queen because she mourned in white for the death of her husband, Lord Darnley. White coffins for children are still popular, while in some parts of the country white hat-bands in mourning for the unmarried are the rule rather than the exception.

Black and white striped express sorrow and hope. This is the mourning color of the South Sea Islanders. The ancient Egyptians mourned in yellow, the sere and yellow leaf; so do the Burmese, whose monastic habit is the same color. In Brittany widows' caps are invariably yellow. Pale brown, the color of the withered leaves, is the Persian mourning.

In Syria and Armenia sky-blue is the color of mourning, indicative of the assurance that the deceased has gone to heaven. Purple was formerly the mourning color of all Christian Princes. All the Kings in France mourned in purple. Charles II. of England, mourned in purple for his brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester, when he died in the year 1660. On Good Friday the cardinals, who bear the style of Princes of the Church, wear purple habits because they are then in mourning for the death of Christ. So, also, on the death of the Pope, or of one of their number. This mourning color of Christian Princes in general and of the Roman Catholic Church in particular has been derived from the purple garment which the Roman soldiers put about our Lord.

A military funeral: When such a one takes place in time of peace the ceremonial is exactly the same as it would be in camp or on the battlefield. A gun carriage forms an improvised hearse, the drums are muffled out of respect to the dead comrade, and all arms are carried reverse to show that the company deputed to perform the sad office count upon the forbearance of the enemy for time being, consequently they do not fear an attack. In the case of a cavalry officer being buried, his horse is led beside the body; this is a survival of ancient times, when an officer's charger was universally sacrificed at the graveside and buried with its master. At the conclusion of the ceremony a salute is fired over the grave to intimate to the enemy that they are once more ready to act on the defensive.

Widows' caps: Widows' caps are accounted for in this way: The Egyptians and Greeks shaved off their beards and cut off their hair in times of mourning. The Romans did not cultivate beards, but cutting off the hair as a sign of mourning was common to both sexes. To supply the want of a natural head-covering the men wore wigs and the women caps. This practice fell into disuse after the Romans abandoned Britain; nevertheless, widows studiously concealed their hair during the whole period of mourning.

TWO WILDCATS.—Recently a settler, who lives in the wilds of Northern Michigan, brought to Menominee, and offered for sale, two wildcats, which he caught in a steel trap. One of them was probably the largest ever caught in that or any other section of country. It measured fully five feet in length and weighed about 70 pounds. The other was about the average size. They were bought by one of the local butchers, who will ship the skins to the outside fur market.

Grains of Gold.

He enjoys much who is grateful for a little.

The man who believes wrong will not do right.

The sweetest songs of faith are sung in the dark.

To find fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.

A civil tongue is a better weapon than a slungshot.

Love is about the only thing that can cure laziness.

There is no greater foolishness than fooling with sin.

Doing good will pay better in the long run than digging soil.

Trouble runs with swift feet toward those who go to meet it.

Too many try to point to the cross with a frown on the face.

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.

The truth we hate the most is the truth that hits us the hardest.

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things.

It is a poor kind of religion that won't make a man happy outside of church.

Some people never think about religion until they come in sight of a graveyard.

One says, "There are people who are encyclopedias of everything that should be forgotten."

More hopeful than all wisdom or counsel is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

Femininities.

One New England factory employs 12,000 women.

The smallest wrinkle may serve as a grave for the greatest love.

A New York young man has contracted diphtheria through kissing his best girl.

No one knows like a woman how to say things which are at once gentle and deep.

According to the last census the number of women above the age of 18 in Russia was 33,200,000.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken the job off his hands.

Next year will be the last leap year of the century and the last leap year before 1904. The year 1900 is not a leap year.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Tom: "Didn't the encore unnerve Miss Twitter?" Jess: "Not a bit; she's used to have the neighbors pound on the floor when she sings."

Jinks: "I despise a man who is mean with his wife. Do you give yours an allowance, or what she can wheedle out of you?" Flikens: "Both."

"You say there is hardly a girl in town who wouldn't be glad if she could be in Miss Bilby's shoes?" "Certainly. Miss Bilby wears No. Two."

Single eye-glasses are prohibited in the German Army. Even if a soldier has one good eye, yet needs glasses, he must perforce cover both eyes with them.

New woman, in crowded car, speaking indignantly to herself: "I didn't mind giving the young man my seat, but he might at least have had the decency to thank me for it."

The Queen of Belgium, Marie Henriette, was bitten by her pet horse while feeding the animal a few days ago. The physicians say that the arm will be permanently lame.

Julia: "Do you consider Mr. Nippy a mean man?" Nellie: "Mean? Not only mean, but cowardly. Why, he never will take a seat in a street car for fear he will have to give it up to some woman."

One reason for the beauty of Japanese sewing, fancy work and embroidery is that it is all done by professionals. Women have little use for needles, and spend their leisure time in gardening.

He, earnestly: "And now that we are engaged, Ethel, will you pray for me?" She: "Oh, no, George; I've been praying for you for the last eight years. But now that I've got you I'll thank the Lord for you."

Over $20,000 in cash was found behind pictures and under carpets and in other places in the residence of Mrs. Daniel De Laney, a wealthy woman, who died at Sylvan Lake, Dutchess county, New York.

Misses Mollie Stanley and Ruth Craven are the heroines at Barlow, Florida. Recently they killed and brought to town an alligator measuring 10 feet 4 inches in length. It was killed in Lake Hancock, where the ladies were fishing.

The married women teachers of Illinois are in a state of excitement over the introduction of a bill in the Legislature which prohibits their employment in the public schools. There are about 400 such women in Chicago alone.

A boy said: "When I see a lady running after a street tramway car, shaking her parasol like mad, and crying out frantically, 'Here, here!' I always think that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented if girls were only taught to whistle on their fingers."

In Bosnia, the two women doctors appointed by the Austrian Government a few years ago, Dr. Theodora Krsjewska and Dr. Rebuslava Keck, seem to have overcome the prejudices of the Mohammedan population against them. They had over 600 patients between them last year.

It is said that Mrs. Evans, wife of the ex-Lord Mayor of London, was, in her maiden days, a maid of all work in a country inn. When Mr. Evans, then a wealthy London merchant, met her for the first time he was attracted by her modest ways, and, falling in love soon after, had her educated and married her.

Margherita of Italy is said to be not only the most beautiful but the best educated of all European queens. She speaks English, French, German and Spanish, reads Latin and Greek, knows the great poets thoroughly, reads Darwin, Ruskin and much theological literature, is a botanist and geologist, and devotes much time to charitable projects.

A new game that is said to be very popular in Potsdam society circles this season is called the "onion social," and is played as follows: The young ladies stand in a row; one of them bites a piece out of an onion and the fellows pay 10 cents to guess who bit it. The correct guessers kiss the other girls, while the unsuccessful kiss the girl who bit the onion. The game evidently has its strong points.

Masculinities.

A woman's idea of a joke is something that will worry a man.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.

Hoax: "I wonder why it is a barber talks so much?" Joax: "Why, no barber could shave a fellow without a little chin."

The young Czar smokes a pipe, and no brand of cigars has been discovered that can tempt him to forsake his meerschaum.

The Czar of Russia is said to owe the great improvement in his health which has taken place in late years entirely to cycling.

Spinster: "You don't know what it is, Catherine, to experience a disappointment in love." Widow: "Don't I—you forget that I have been twice married."

"This may be a snap" said the young man when the dog caught his leg, after his call on Moneybag's daughter; "but it isn't the soft one I was looking for."

The Duc de Morny, probably the foremost amateur photographer of the day in France, is reported to have paid something like $60,000 for his camera equipment.

"My task in life," said the pastor complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing, "save a good one for me, won't you?"

Theodore Thomas, the orchestra director, will celebrate his golden jubilee in July. He was born in Hanover sixty years ago, and came to America a lad of 10 years.

"Jennie has married a man who plays poker. Isn't it dreadful," said a Harlem woman to her husband. "It isn't half as bad as marrying a man who thinks he can play poker, but can't," was the reply.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "That Mrs. Bacon is a very contrary person, don't you think?" Mrs. Yeast: "What makes you think so?" "Why, only yesterday she gave a '5 o'clock tea' at 4 o'clock, and had nothing but cocoa."

Maud, plain: "You can't imagine, dear, what a terrible lot of proposals I have to refuse every month." Eva, pretty and penniless: "Oh, yes, love; some men are so desperately hard up they'll do almost anything."

At the little village of Nomps-au-Val, near Amiens, a curious ceremony has been seen at a funeral. The deceased was a card-playing enthusiast, piquet having been his favorite game. By the terms of his will, a pack of cards had to be placed in the coffin with his body.

Women in Washington are agitating the project of raising a fund with which to secure a statue of Washington, which they propose to present to France. This would be a grateful return of the compliment paid to this country by France in the presentation of Bartholdi's statue.

Edward S. Holden, director of the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, in California, is a man of great system and precision. To hurry over any matter he considers fatal to good work. It is said of him that he frequently lets a car which he should take pass him to assure himself that he is in no hurry.

The croupiers of Monte Carlo have a school of gambling in which they learn the ins and outs of the games, the methods of defeating trickery, manual dexterity in clearing the boards and paying the stakes, readiness in reckoning and in dealing and shuffling the cards, and so on. Most of them come from Alsace.

The German Emperor is determined to put down extravagance and luxurious habits in his army; at least, that is supposed to be the motif of the recent Imperial ordinance, which strictly prohibits soldiers, sub-alterns, and one-year volunteers from wearing uniforms, swords, or helmets, which they have provided at their own expense.

Professor William B. Yonce, of Roanoke College, Salem, Va., dropped dead recently while waiting for evening service to begin in church. He had been for forty years professor of ancient languages in that institution. Two other professors of Roanoke also died suddenly at night—Professor John C. Frey, in 1875, and President Bettle, in 1876.

A very curious custom in Seoul, Korea, is the law which makes it obligatory for every man to retire to his home when the huge bronze bell of the city has proclaimed it to be the hour of sunset and the hour for closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that time under pain of flogging, but the women are allowed to go about and visit their friends.

William Morris, the English poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he can complete that sentence with very little deviation from textural accuracy. Were every copy of "Pickwick Papers" destroyed to-day, William Morris could, doubtless, write the book almost word for word as it now stands.

Nathan Sanders, King of the Fakirs, died in New York recently. He had over 200 assistants, and was known all over the United States. He was, at the time of his death, the head of a syndicate, the operations of which extend all over the country, with branches in this city, Chicago and San Francisco. Its object was to supply small fakirs with stock, which was sold outright or on commission.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Gowns designed for home evening wear at this season may be so fashioned as to be useful for evenings throughout the summer or even for day wear at the seashore or mountains. One for instance, would be a charming afternoon gown for summer resorts. The skirt and sleeves are in black and white, striped with silk, the skirt being in full godet shape, with flaring front, and finished without adornment. It may be lined with either black or rose-colored silk and have a narrow facing of half-cloth.

The sides of the bodice are of the striped silk, but may be of plain black if preferred. The upper part consists of a square yoke of cream lace on white silk continued in a point on either side of the bodice, front and back, the points ending under the folded belt. The centre of the bodice, front and back, is an accordion plaiting of black chiffon, and the neck is finished by a full plaited ruche of the chiffon. The sleeves are large gigots, slightly draped with jet ornaments.

If a little color is desired the chiffon may be of some light shade, such as rose color or pale blue. Black chiffon laid over red chiffon, the two then gathered or accordion plaited together, produces a very novel effect.

A most elegant imported gown was of green striped silk, the perfect hanging godet skirt being very full and unadorned.

The bodice was of creamy batiste, stylishly embroidered with green floss and paillettes, and terminated by a large sash of black satin tied in a bow at the left side. The bouffant puffed sleeves were finished by cuffs of lace insertion, with ruffles, and the black satin collar band had Vandyke ends falling at the front and back. Ruffled epaulettes adorned the shoulders and completed this ravissante toilette.

A gown in flowered silk brocho has the flaring skirt adorned at the waist, on either side of the front, by inverted points of the lace.

The French blouse bodice has a box plait at each side, extending from shoulder to waist, each plait being adorned at the shoulder by an inverted point of lace similar to the points on the skirt. The silk is shirred at the neck and waist, between the plaits, and the gown is accompanied by a full vest of lace, to be worn a volante. The neck is finished by a silk collar band, over which is turned a collar of lace, and a narrow ribbon belt surrounds the waist. The bouffante puffed sleeves are adorned at the top by three points of lace, and finished at the elbow by deep lace ruffles.

A pale blue and white striped mohair has the skirt edged by a bias French fold of the mohair. At the waist, on either side of the front, small plackets of the mohair, edged with gilt cord, are fastened by tiny pearl buttons to larger plackets of white pique, appliqué with beurre lace.

The short zouave jacket has the back and under arm seams opened in a small inverted V, which is edged with gilt cord and surrounded by pearl buttons, over which a cord is laced across the opening. This sleeveless jacket is finished by a large collet and pointed revers of the white pique, appliqué with beurre lace. The blouse is of tucks of fine white muslin, in groups of three, alternating with rows of Valenciennes insertion. It is a simple French blouse, with large bishop sleeves finished by lace cuffs. The neck is finished by collar-band of blue satin ribbon, and the three-ribbon belt is tied in a large bow at the left side.

The skirt of a lavender and white crepon gown is adorned by three large bows of satin ribbon placed diagonally across the front breadth.

The bodice is in French blouse style, shirred at the neck and waist, and terminated by a very full short blouse. Bretelles of lavender ribbon, forming bows on the shoulders, pass under the ribbon belt and have as short ends over the top of the skirt. The collar band of ribbon is tied in a bow at the back, and the immense puffed sleeves are finished at the elbow by bands and loops of the satin ribbon.

A light blue crepon has the very full skirt, composed of many flaring breadths, each seam being covered by a band of narrow white satin ribbon, and large bows of wider ribbon being placed just above the foot on each of the front seams.

The blouse bodice has a round yoke and close fitting epaulettes of blue velvet, surrounded by three rows of very narrow white satin ribbon, three rows of which also pass over the shoulder and form bretelles, back and front. The belt is formed by a band of velvet, striped with the narrow ribbon, and the neck is finished by a collar-band en suite. The 1830 puffed sleeves of crepon have close fitting lower manches of velvet, striped spirally with narrow ribbon and finished at the elbow by bows of wider ribbon.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Fruit in the Morning.—If people would only realize the immense importance and value of fruit as an article of diet in the early morning we should find its appearance far more general on the ordinary breakfast table. Of its healthfulness at this period of the day there can be no question whatever, and more fruit and less animal food would, undoubtedly, conduce to a much healthier condition of the body. In the morning there is an acid taste of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling, sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, apples and pears. The apple is one of the best fruits; oranges also acceptable to most people; but the juice alone should be taken and not the pulp, and the same may be said of lemons and pomegrantes. Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries may be classed among the best fruits and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying and the seeds are laxative.

Fruits are the natural corrective for disordered digestions, but the way in which many persons eat them converts them into a curse rather than a blessing. Instead of being taken on an empty stomach, or in combination with simple grain preparations such as bread, they are frequently eaten with oily foods, or they are taken at the end of the meal, after the stomach is already full, and perhaps the whole mass of food washed down with tea, coffee or other liquid. Fruits to do their best work should be eaten either on an empty stomach or simply with bread—never with vegetables. In the morning, before the fast of the night has been broken, they are not only exceedingly refreshing, but they serve as a natural stimulus to the digestive organs. And to produce their fullest, finest effect, they should be ripe, sound and of good quality. In our climate fresh fruit should constitute not the finishing but the beginning of the meal, particularly the breakfast, for at least six months in the year. The good effects that would follow the abundant use of fruits are often more than counter-balanced by the pernicious habit of saturating them with sugar. Very few fruits, if thoroughly ripe and at their best, require any sugar, particularly if eaten in the raw state, but it unfortunately is a fact that what is intended and prepared for us as a great good in the matter of diet should be transformed into exactly the reverse.

Flour.—The baking qualities of a flour can be found by means of the character of its gluten. Fresh gluten has the property of making a considerable mass of water sticky in a short time; if the flour is bad and spoiled or ground too fine, it loses this property. A test of the quality of a gluten—and hence of a flour—can be made by putting it under a stream of water. If the grains quickly stick together and the gluten is tenacious or elastic, this is a proof of the good quality of the flour. An apparatus is now made by which it is possible in this way to measure directly the tenacity of gluten.

To test flour for adulteration, various color reactions serve, one of which is carried out as follows: Make a mixture of 70 per cent. alcohol with 5 per cent. of muriatic acid. Shake up together in a test tube 30 grains, by weight, of the flour to be tested, with about one-tenth gill of the mixture, and observe the alteration of color which takes place in the flour that settles to the bottom, and in the clear fluid above, either immediately or after the lapse of some time. Warming the fluid expedites this change of color. Clean wheat or rye flour remains quite colorless, and the fluid likewise is not colored, except that in the case of the coarser varieties it takes on a yellowish tint; vetch or bean flour gives a purplish red; the presence of the seeds of various weeds gives a blood red, brown or blue tint. The adulteration of a flower with the seeds of weeds is not generally intentional, but arises from careless work of the miller, in not cleaning his grain properly. It is otherwise with falsification by mixing other or poorer varities of flour or mineral substances. A sure method of telling clean wheat flour from such adulterations is that of treatment with water. Only wheat flour has a tenacious viscous gluten; other kinds furnish either none at all or only a slimy mass. Thus, too, by the character of mixture with water one may tell whether little or much of the interior flour has been mixed with the wheat.

Orange Meringue.—Into a small pie dish put two slices of thin bread; cover them with about half a teacupful of cold milk, and let them soak for one hour. Grate the rinds from three sweet oranges, squeeze the juice well out, and take care to remove all pips. Beat one ounce of butter and the yelks of two eggs with three ounces of crushed loaf sugar; add these to the other ingredients, and thoroughly blend all together. Pour the orange mixture over the bread, and bake for half an hour in a slow oven. Beat the white of the two eggs, with a little powdered white sugar, to a stiff froth. A little while before serving, place this roughly in bits on the pudding. Place the latter again in the oven for a few minutes—just long enough to bake a pale golden brown.

Rich Dark Plum Cake.—One pound of butter, one and a half pound of Vienna flour, half a pound of raisins chopped fine, half a pound of sultanas, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of currants, half a pound of dried cherries cut small, half a pound of mixed peel chopped, eight eggs, and a glass of sherry and one of brandy. Beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, then the yelks of the eggs, the sherry and brandy, then the fruit, then the flour, which should have a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of mixed spice rubbed in; then whip the whites to a stiff froth, and put in a well-greased tin and bake two hours.

Breakfast Sausage.—The ingredients are two pounds of lean pork, one teaspoonful of powdered sage-leaves and salt respectively, one saltspoonful of black pepper. Chop the meat very fine, add to it the salt, pepper, and sage. Mix thoroughly, and form the mixture into small cakes. Put a tablespoonful of dripping into a frying-pan, and, when hot, cover the bottom of the pan with the sausage cakes. Fry until well browned on one side, then turn them over. Serve as they are.

Trout a la Genevoise.—Boil the trout; dish them upon a very hot dish, and pour the following sauce around. Mix with half a pint of good brown stock a wineglassful of Burgundy, a spoonful of anchovy butter, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Season with pepper and salt, and re-heat.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—The transfusion of blood is a medical experiment which should be tried only under the best advice, and even then it sometimes produces distressing results. A man named Simpson was nearly dead from consumption, when a Dr. Hopkins, who was attending him, decided to try the effect of a transfusion of blood. As none of Simpson's friends or neighbors were willing to shed their blood for Simpson's sake, Dr. Hopkins had no alternative but to use Simpson's goat for the purpose, and accordingly, opening his patient's arm, he injected about two quarts of the goat's blood into the sufferer's system. Simpson began immediately to revive, but his revival was marked by the most disagreeable symptoms.

No sooner had his strength returned than he jumped out of bed, and, twitching his head about after the fashion of a goat, made a savage attempt to butt the doctor. Dr. Hopkins, after Simpson's head had been plunged against his stomach three or four times with the force of a battering-ram, took refuge in an adjoining room, whereupon Simpson banged his head against the door with such violence that he would soon have smashed the panels, but that his attention was diverted from the doctor by his mother-in-law, who at this moment entered the room. One well-directed blow from Simpson's head floored the unfortunate old lady, and then, as she lay screaming for help, Simpson frolicked around her, making efforts to nibble the green flowers which formed the pattern of the carpet. At last he was securely tied down, but alarmed the whole neighborhood by his frightful "ba'as."

Distressed by Simpson's condition and the reproaches of Mrs. Simpson, Dr. Hopkins determined to undo the evil if possible, and, by heavily bribing an Irishman who was Simpson's servant, procured fresh blood from the faithful domestic, and injected Simpson a second time. Simpson is now quite well, but shocks his old Republican friends by displaying an irresistible tendency to vote the Democratic ticket, and speaking with a strong brogue.

He has butted only once since the last "transfusion." On going into church a few Sundays ago one of the remaining corpuscles of the goat's blood got into his brain, and he butted the sexton half way up the aisle, recovering himself, however, in time to apologize just as the indignant sexton was about to floor him with a hymn-book.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and where bonelust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

SOCIABILITY OF SQUIRRELS.

MY FIRST acquaintance with this agreeable quality in the agile, graceful creatures, darting from bough to bough, says an English writer, was made when I was staying at a beautiful country house in Devonshire. I used often to sit very quietly sketching under the fine old trees, and the squirrels would come to the end of an overhanging bough, and watch my proceedings with apparent interest.

As I do not understand their dialect, I cannot say what might be their opinion of my performances, but they chatted very merrily, seeming glad to welcome an intruder on their solitude.

For many years our own home was in the middle of a pine-wood, and there a much more intimate friendship was formed with the squirrels. Our gardener found a young one caught in a net in the strawberry bed, and brought it to me. It was kept for some time in a squirrel-cage, where it seemed tolerably contented; but we were not happy about our small captive. Accidentally, or purposely, the door was left open, and we were glad when it regained its liberty.

A day or two afterwards, a young lady who was staying in the house told us that our squirrel had run up to her in the gravel walk; and next morning Charlie made his appearance at the dining-room window. His visits were repeated for several days. No attempt was made to capture him. He ran about the room as if in search of something; and at last jumped on a canary's cage which hung in the window.

"I believe he is looking for his own old home," I said. And immediately upon fetching it from the loft where it had been put away, Charlie ran in, and gave himself a swing on the roller, and ate the nuts we placed in the tray.

It is to be supposed that Charlie told his friends that we were lovers of animals, and might be trusted; for squirrels frequently visited us, in the house and in the grounds. Those were the happy days—for quiet country ladies—of croquet playing; and we had a levelled ground in a part of the fir-wood, near the garden, where we often spent the summer afternoons. There the squirrels were quite at home, and would run up our mallets, and sit upon our shoulders, or even on the crowns of our hats.

Some of our visitors they made acquaintance with immediately, others they always avoided. A little toy-terrier, with a bell attached to its collar, which the cunning little creature used to try to silence, that it might steal upon our favorites unheard, was their peculiar aversion; but our own pet Skye, St. Barbe, would let them climb over his back, and frolic about him without stirring an inch.

Mrs. Brightwen in her admirable volume, "Wild Nature tamed by Kindness," is quite right in affirming that quietness is the great conciliator of animals. An abrupt gesture will at once startle and drive them away; but if you sit still they will gain confidence, and come nearer and nearer, till they learn to feed out of your hand, to nestle in the folds of your dress, and even to search in your pockets for nuts and crusts of bread which they know you often carry about with you.

One of my sisters, who was particularly gentle in voice and manner, and very fond of animals, exercised a peculiar charm over the squirrels. She often got up at five o'clock to feed them, when they pattered across the verandah to her window; and she always kept a store of food for them. A china jar of nuts stood on the mantelpiece, and she more than once remarked on its becoming mysteriously empty. At last it was discovered that the squirrels came into the room, lifted off the lid, and helped themselves without breaking the fragile ornament.

We kept a good many fowls—bantams and half-bantams—which had a fancy for roosting in the fir trees, and one of the hens would persist in laying her eggs in a squirrel's nest. This was carrying sociability too far, and the squirrel got into a rage and danced round it until the eggs were removed.

It often amused us to see the hens teaching the little chickens to climb the trees, and gathering them under their wings on quite a slender bough. We used to put sticks and twigs to aid the youngsters in their ascent.

The window where the squirrel's cage stood was also a favorite resort of our hens, who always brought their young broods there, and often came to be fed. They did not approve of the squirrels, and would gather in a circle round one of them, on the lawn, attracting us to the windows by their furious and noisy cackling.

Charlie would remain quiet till the circle had gradually drawn closer; then, with a sudden spring, would jump high over their heads, and in another moment be chattering at them from the boughs of a magnificent ilex tree, in which he and his friends greatly delighted.

That wide verandah supported by rough, unpainted pine trunks finally cost us the loss of our company of squirrels. The poles grew rotten, and had to be replaced. It was a very noisy, tedious operation, nearly overcoming our own patience, and quite tiring out that of our wild little pets. Perhaps the workmen teased or frightened them. They never afterwards renewed their visits.

Quite a growth of nut bushes threatened to grow up on the lawn, where they buried their spoils. They always secreted a few when fed, and carried them away. I suppose they forgot where they were hidden, for in all parts of the grounds tiny trees sprang up, where, certainly, they had never been planted by human hands.

The gamekeepers from a neighboring estate came purposely to see our squirrels, and went away satisfied with the truth of their master's report of the tameness to which they had been brought by the exercise of sympathy, discretion and the total absence of restraint and coercion.

We used to amuse ourselves picking up cones and sticks in the firwood, and the squirrels would come and chatter and laugh in the tree tops, flinging down in sport, or to help us, large fir-cones, which in spring and autumn we loved to see sparkle on our hearths, emitting a sweet, wholesome fragrance.

Probably those sharp teeth did not improve the trees by robbing them of their young shoots; but, after all, the pine woods were so plentiful, and the trees were often twisted and scathed, and not worth the trouble of being carted away, when felled by south-westerly gales, so we never grudged the squirrels their merry play.

The son of St. Barbe, the dog who was so friendly with our squirrels, could not bear them, and used to try to climb trees in pursuit of them. Rough was also averse to cats, but formed such a friendship with one of ours and her progeny that, unless the kittens were sent too far away, he would fetch them back.

Once our maids could not get the dog to move from the root of a fir-tree, half way between Heathside and Parkstone, until he had coaxed down one of these kittens, which had been given away, and was lying hidden among the branches, where it had taken refuge after trying to find its way to its birthplace.

Rough persisted in his solicitations until they were crowned with complete success. Then, after kissing each other, the affectionate couple walked home side by side contentedly. The mother cat was often seen "kissing with patient love the stone that marks his burial-ground;" and mournfully prowling round the spot just above the croquet lawn, where our first favorite, the Heathside dog, was laid.

Nature vindicates herself, and Providence rebukes man's feeble judgment. If you feed the wild birds well, they will not be such pilferers of your seeds and fruits, and they will clear your shrubs and trees of their deadlier insect foes. The always harmonious sounds which haunt our hills and groves will give us sweeter melody than hired musicians.

B. L.

ONE GIRL WAS NOT AT ALL EXCITED.—The other girls had been talking about her and, when she came in, smiling and a little self conscious, they clustered eagerly about her.

"Did he leave you at the door?" inquired the girl with the slim waist.

"Shall you call him 'John' or 'Jack'?"

asked the girl with the black eyes.

"Oh, do tell me—did he kiss you before or after he proposed?" fluttered the girl with the straight nose.

"Oh, girls, I——"

"Did he say he had never proposed to a girl before?"

"Of course he did! Why, the marriage wouldn't be legal if he didn't say that when he proposed!"

"Did he say that he loved you as man never loved woman before?"

"Did he set about asking your father as if he had never done it before?"

"Oh, girls you——"

"I knew you were engaged by the way in which you took his arm last evening."

"And I knew it by the fact that he did not go away to smoke with the other men after dinner."

"When did he first——"

"Do tell us what he——"

"Girls, girls, I——"

"Does Gertie make you leave the boudoir to her now that you are engaged?"

"How did you manage to look surprised when he——"

"Oh, dear, you——"

"Girls, she has her ring already! She is hiding her left hand!"

"Oh, oh, how lovely!"

"Isn't it sweet? He must love you awfully to give you a ring like that?" cried the girl with the black eyes.

"He selected the stone and had it set after a design of his own," said the newly-affianced, blushing.

"He said I should not have one just like anybody else's."

"How lovely of him! Did you ask the jeweller how much it was worth?" asked the girl with the straight nose.

"Susie pretended that hers was too large and took it back on purpose to find out how much Wilson had paid for it; and—would you believe it?—he hadn't bought it at the place he told her!"

"How mean!" cried the girl with the slim waist.

"He knew she would do that, and did it on purpose so that she mightn't know what he paid for it."

"Of course! Men are so sly!"

"Well, a ring like that is positively economical; it is such a saving in gloves," said the girl with the black eyes.

"Yes, indeed; but what I like best is the fact that nobody else ever had one like it."

As she spoke, the newly-affianced walked over to the girl with the golden hair, who had all this time been looking idly out of the window.

"Don't you want to see my ring, Annie?" she asked, with a note of triumph in her voice.

"Thanks, dear," was the smiling reply. "I am glad you like it so much. By-the-way, you must be very careful of it—the setting is not very secure. I lost the stone once or twice while I was wearing it last year."

Then, in the midst of a silence in which a pin might have been heard to drop, she turned again to the window.

NOW AND THEN CURABLE.—Cases where persons, who are apparently sane otherwise, persist in believing that they are somebody or something else are by no means uncommon, and such delusions are exceedingly difficult to cure.

A case noticed in the medical press not long ago showed how a gentleman, his mind unhinged by sudden trouble, fancied he was a steam roller, and with his attendant used regularly to plod round the square where he resided in the idea that he was levelling the surface of the ground as he passed over it. Endeavoring to root out this mania, his doctor laid down some large flints in his patient's back garden and asked him to observe that he could not be a steam roller, because after he had passed over them the stones did not sink into the ground.

"That's because I'm not heavy enough," replied the madman, and he at once proceeded to fill his pockets with heavy weights and carry others in his arms.

Sometimes the mania is cured by accident. An old lady who fancied that she was made of china wore thickly muffled shoes and lived in a padded room for fear of breakage.

One morning coming down stairs she fell and rolled down a lengthy flight, and, finding she had suffered no damage but a few bruises, saw clearly that the idea that she had formed of her own composition must be a mistaken one.

A similar case was that of an old pauper, who had a notion that he was a codfish. One day the inmates of the institution were indulged in a visit to the seaside, and the harmless lunatic was taken with the rest. Walking upon the pier the old man somehow stumbled over a rope and fell into the water, where he floundered for some time, but was eventually rescued, effectually rid of the idea that he was amphibious.

CAPTURED FROM THE BRITISH.—Arranged in a semi-circle around the flagstaff at the Watervliet Arsenal are 76 pieces of ordnance, captured at different times by the United States from the British during the Revolutionary War. Strange as it may seem, no record of their capture has been kept by the Government.

Many of these trophies are of peculiar construction, and would compare very unfavorably with the field guns made in the arsenal gunshops at the present time. Through exposure to the elements many of the guns have become bright green in color. Eight of them are known to have been captured at Saratoga in 1777.

There is one 24-pounder howitzer, with marks on the chase: "Surrendered by the convention of Saratoga, October 17, 1777. A Schatch Fecit, 1748." This gun is embellished with two crowns and the monogram "G. R."

There is a 12 pounder with marks on the chase similar to the gun described. On the breech are the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." "Dieu et mon droit." It has dragon handles, and is embellished with crown, rampant lion and arms of Great Britain.

The third cannon is 12 pounder, made in 1760. There is a 12 pounder with the inscription, "The Right Honorable Lord George Sackville, Lt General, and the rest of the principal officers of her Majesty's ordnance. Surrendered by the Convention of Saratoga, October 17, 1777." Its date of manufacture is 1759.

Another 12 pounder was made in 1760. An 8 inch howitzer bears the date of 1758. An 8 inch mortar is among the trophies. It having been made in 1758. A 24 pounder Coehorn mortar is another of the collection.

BICYCLES IN THE ARMY.—The popular conception of a soldier has been exemplified in Virgil's "Arms and the Man I Sing," but a soldier's arms seem to be of less value than his nether limbs. "The whole secret of war," says Marshal Saxe, "is in the legs." It is this view which has led to such an increasing advocacy of the admittance of the bicycle into the United States Army. Its value for the special corps and for intercommunication has been practically established in Europe. It has remained for Canada to develop the reconnoitering utility of the wheel. Great Britain adopted the steel steed in 1885 as an auxiliary of the field service, and two years later Canada possessed the Victoria Rifles of Montreal and the Dufferin Rifles of Brantford, both mounted on bicycles. A third company has now been formed at Ontario and equipped with a bycycle drill founded upon the cavalry movement. The men are armed with revolvers, and the wheels are used as a protection during firing. The United States has two bicycle drill systems, but neither contains this reconnoitering feature which should be incorporated as a valuable innovation.

OVERWORK.—For a large number of people overwork is the bane of existence. It not only exhausts their vitality, prematurely cutting short their lives, but it seriously interferes with their success, renders their services less valuable, and spoils the happiness of their lives. It does not even end here. It affects others also, in proportion to their nearness, for the family and friends of an overworked man always suffer. Jaded and worn, he can not fulfill his duties to them, nor afford them the comfort and happiness which he owes them, and which they have a right to expect. He is, in truth, not half a man while he lives, and a prey is prepared to live out but half his days.

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HER VOICE.

Sweet as the murmur of the trembling string,
Which sighs again beneath the bow's caress;
Sweet as the earliest breath of timid Spring,
When brooks and breezes wake to joyfulness.

Sweet as the ocean's endless harmony,
Where restless breakers fret the idle sand;
Or song of birds, which worship new-born day;
Songs which we love, but cannot understand.

Oh, man! Oh, piteous vulgar clod of clay,
Her voice—I must confess—my pen be steady—
Has sounded sweetest when I heard her say
In angel accents "Dear, the dinner's ready."
—U. S. Nose.

A stitch in time is worth nine in the side.

If money talks, it's no wonder there is hush money.

Jimmy: "Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a byeckle." Mickey: "Him? He ain't got de price fer de wind wot goes in de tires."

She: "I always think there is something so satisfying about Herr Thumpen's playing." He: "Yes; I had quite enough a quarter of an hour ago."

Editor: "What makes you speak of the crowd at the variety show as a 'polished audience?'" scribble: "I got a peek at the bald heads in the front row."

Mrs. Smith: "I declare! This leg of mutton has shrunk away almost to nothing." Willie Smith: "Perhaps, mamma, it came off the same sheep as my flannel did."

"What time does the last train leave?" asked the traveler. And the gatekeeper at the Boston depot gave him a haughty look and replied: "When the road quits business."

Editor: You're sure you haven't submitted this poem on spring any where else?

Poet: Yes, sir.

Editor: Then how is it you have a black eye and walk on crutches?

A westruck visitor: "It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art." Dealer: "Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture, but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Hunnimune, "I must see our grocer right away." "What for?" asked her husband. "I have some instructions to give him. I want to tell him to make our coffee a little stronger and our butter a little weaker."

Young Stoutly: Where's my father? Oh, he's off to the cattle show! I never see much of him. His main hobby in life is fat pigs.

Miss Prettypirt: I wonder he doesn't take more interest in you.

Barber: Would you like a bottle of our hair restorer?

Customer: No, thank you, I prefer to remain baldheaded.

Barber: Then our hair destroyer is just the thing you want, sir.

Tramp: Can't you give a poor man a few cents?

Mrs. Hardup: Just sit down and wait until my husband comes home. I need some small change myself, and we will both tackle him and divide up what we get.

Smallwort: Old man Gripe, the chattel mortgage man, got a needle in his hand this morning and the doctors had to cut it out.

Ford: Nothing strange in that. They would have had to do the same thing had it been a nickel.

He: May I—may I kiss those ruby lips?

She: Sir! Do not think of such a thing for one moment! Well, I—I could hardly help asking. I beg your—— Don't you think, Mr. Hoppy, that one moment is up by this time.

"Hold up yer hands!" sternly commanded the footpad. "I'll throw up one of them," said the sour-looking man, suiting the action to the word. "If you want the other one up you'll have to raise it yourself. I can't. Say, do you know of anything that's good for rheumatism?"

Little Ben lives in a new house, one of the most modern of modern houses, where light, water, heat and other things are all to be had by turning a knob or touching a bell. He lives in a state of perpetual marvel over these things, and the other night, when suffering from a headache, the little fellow said to his mother, who sat beside him: "Please turn on the dark, mother, my eyes hurt me."

A colonel in the French army, who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his band-master on the appearance of his men.

"Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement that I must insist upon."

"What is it, Colonel?"

"You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two! one, two!"

A Legal Light.—Some interesting stories are told of the late Baron Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale. His love of the law is illustrated by the anecdote of his apologizing to a hostess for his late arrival at a party on the ground that he could not tear himself away from "a beautiful demurrer." His passion for fresh air was such that, on buying a handsomely-furnished house, his first order, it is said, was that all the bed-posts should be sawn down, and the next that all the bed-curtains should be burnt. The best story however of Baron Parke is perhaps that which tells how once, when summoned to advise the Lords, he was seized with a fainting-fit in the middle of his argument. Various remedies were applied without avail. At last a happy thought occurred to one of his brethren, who well knew his peculiar temperament. He hastened into the library, seized a large musty volume of old statutes, rushed back, and held it to the nostrils of the patient. The effect was marvellous. He at once opened his eyes, gave them a slight rub, and in a few seconds was as well as ever.

Physical Comfort.—The highest conception of physical comfort will include whatever is necessary to ensure a perfect physical development. All sanitary measures, all personal habits of purity, modesty, and cleanliness, alternate activity and rest, each as perfect of its kind as can be secured, and in due proportion, will all be necessary elements in the comfort of one who has appreciated their results; and every man should certainly provide them for himself and for his family so far as it is in his power to do so.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold in Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
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FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.00, 11.35 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.15 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 7.30, 9.50 a m, (12.25, 3.00, (6.15 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night. Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.05, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—4.27, 8.30, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.06 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.40 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.06 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m,) 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Returning, leave Atlantic City (de ot) week-days, express, 7.25, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.00 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3942 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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Even the little pig in the picture is a more agreeable companion than a man with a dirty collar or a woman who presides over a tawdry house. But nobody wants the reputation of being a pig under any circumstances.